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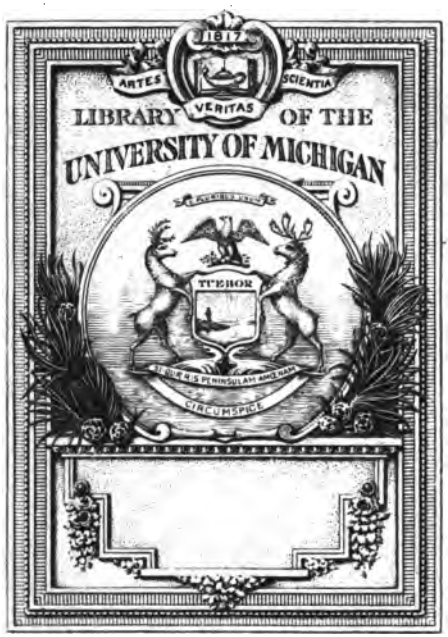
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MEMOIRS

OF

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

Author of "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah,"

VOL. I.—THIRD EDITION.

"*Ridiculum acri*
"*Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.*"
HOR.

"Ridicule ſhall frequently prevail,
"And cut the knot, when graver reaſons fail."
FRANCIS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
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CONSCIOUS how much the judgment of friends is liable to be influenced by partiality; and sensible, that where partiality cannot operate, prejudice against the known opinions, or even the *sex*, of a writer may unwittingly bias the reader's mind; the Author of the following Memoirs resolved to introduce the first edition under a signature evidently fictitious. The various authors to whom this work has been attributed, will probably thank

thank her for now acknowledging its real parentage; while the several persons who have been pointed out, by the sagacity of different readers, as the original Julias, and Vallatons, and Bridgetinas, will forgive the candid declaration that must for ever deprive them of the honour so kindly conferred upon them by their *friends*.

To divert the languor of sickness in the seclusion of a country retirement, FANCY first sketched the portraits in question; which were gradually formed, by tracing the probable operation of certain principles upon certain characters; necessarily divesting these principles of the adventitious splendour they had received, from the elegance and pathos that distinguish the language

guage and sentiments of the authors by whom they have been chiefly promulgated. For the other characters that appear in the work, the Author does not acknowledge the same obligation to Fancy. The happy effects of piety and benevolence, of prudence, good sense, and moderation, she has had too many opportunities of contemplating in the circle of her own acquaintances, to be obliged to have recourse to imagination for their delineation. Imagination, indeed, gave the colouring, but the outlines were drawn by Truth.

To many of the author's friends it is well known, that above twelve months of severe indisposition occasioned a delay in the publication, which deprived

prived the plan of the advantage of appearing entirely original. On a perusal of the works which appeared in the interim, apparently written under similar impressions, she, however, did not find her own ideas so much anticipated by any of them, as to induce her to suppress the present work, or even to make the smallest alteration in its contents. Her chief design in the publication is so fully explained in the Introduction to the first edition—that she thinks it proper to present it to the reader in its original dress.

BATH,
NOV. 29, 1800.

TO

MR. ROBINSON,

BOOKSELLER, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

SIR,

HAVING been lately dragged to London on the buſineſs of my ward, who is now (thank Heaven!) nearly of age, it was my firſt care to look out for a pleaſant ſituation. For this purpoſe I repaired to Pater-Noſter-Row; that birth-place of the Muſes, that fountain of learning from which the perennial ſtream of literature for ever flows. The very name of the place has, from my earlieſt years, inſpired my veneration; and I do aſſure you, the thoughts of viſiting it tended to reconcile me to the journey more than any other conſideration. Well, ſir, though I muſt confeſs

ſes the firſt aſpect of the place did not altogether anſwer my expectations, (being in point of airineſs ſomewhat more confined than I could have wiſhed) I was fain to put up with the only lodgings that were vacant, which, though not over and above convenient, were rendered pleaſant to me from the view my chamber-windows afforded me of the numerous ſtore-houſes of learning, by which I was on all ſides ſurrounded. My heart glowed within me as I contemplated the ſtupendous proofs of human genius, piled up in the oppoſite ſhops, or carried through the ſtreets. For the ſpace of ſeveral hours I continued, without interruption, to contemplate the intereſting ſcene. Some porters paſſed ſinking under the load of new-bound quartos, which they were carrying to your ſhop, Mr. Robinſon; and it is not to be expreſſed how much I envied the feelings of the author. "Oh, that I could write a book!" cried I. "But, alas! of what ſubject am I a maſter? All my old notions are, I find by the Reviews, quite exploded. Of the new-fangled ones that are now in faſhion, I can make nothing; and notwithſtanding all I have heard to the contrary, I do ſuppoſe it is neceſſary to underſtand

ſtand ſomething of the ſubject one writes about. With regard to a work of imagination, that is quite out of the queſtion; for I never could invent a lie in my life, not even to ſave me from being whipt at ſchool, how then ſhould I make one long enough to fill a volume?"

Juſt at this moment, and as I was about giving up all hopes of ever ſeeing my name in print, an incident occurred which ſaved me from deſpair.

A ſudden and tremendous noiſe over my head interrupted my reverie, and drew me to the place from whence it proceeded, in order to learn the cauſe. Fire and robbery, the two evils which I had been taught to dread, were immediately preſent to my imagination; and greatly was I relieved on finding that the noiſe, which had ſo much alarmed me, proceeded only from the miſtreſs of the houſe and her maid, who were both at work in cleaning down the garret-ſtairs. The former, whoſe voice was raiſed to what a muſical friend of mine calls the *ſcolding pitch*, was ſeverely chiding the latter for the time ſhe had taken to ſweep out the garret. The maid, indignant of rebuke, anſwered not in words but

but in deeds; making the duſt fly before her broom in ſuch a manner, as compelled me to meditate a quick retreat. Juſt as I turned round for that purpoſe, a manuſcript, which the girl in her fury had twirled from the top of the ſtairs, fell at my feet. I inſtantly picked it up, and as ſoon as I could make myſelf heard, inquired of my landlady whether ſhe knew any thing of its contents.

"Contents! ſir," anſwered ſhe, "it is the fartheſt thing in the world from contents, I aſſure you. I never had no contents about it. It is ſome of the ſcribbles of a ſcrubby fellor of an author, who, after lodging in my attics for ſeven weeks, died all at once one morning when no one ever thought of ſuch a thing: for though it is plain he knew all along of his being in a dying way himſelf, yet he was ſo good-humoured, and ſo cheerful, that no one would ever have ſuſpected him."

'And pray had he no friend, no phyſician? I am afraid he muſt have been in great poverty.'

"In great poverty, ſure enough!" returned my landlady, "that I knows to my coſt; for the firſt five weeks he paid me regularly

to

to a day, as often as the week was up; but for the laſt two weeks I never ſeed the colour of his money. Howſomever, as he was a very gentleman-like man, and ſo civil-ſpoken, I thought there was no fears of his behaving ungenteelly at the laſt, and ſo I gave myſelf no concern; till one morning that he deſired me to ſpeak with him, when, on going up to his room, I ſaw him, lack-a-day! ſo pale, and ſo altered! his voice, too, ſo low and changed, that I could hardly hear him. On ſeeing how I was aſtoniſhed, he ſmiled, and beckoning me to ſit down, ſaid he was ſorry that it was not then in his power to pay me the ſmall ſum he was in my debt, but that in ſuch a drawer I ſhould find what would be ſufficient to pay for that, as well as for the expenſes of his funeral; and what was over he begged me to accept of, as a compenſation for the trouble he had given me. He died in about half an hour after, and to be ſure, I thought I ſhould have been quite made up with what he had left me, when on rummaging the drawers, I found all that load of writing; but on ſhewing it to a very learned gentleman, a friend of mine, one who helps to make the almanacks, he laughed at me, and ſaid it was a fair take-in,

for

for that it was all ſtuff and good for nothing; and ſo it has been toſſing about ever ſince."

This account of the author increaſed my curioſity to ſuch a pitch, that I did not heſitate a moment upon making a purchaſe of the manuſcript; and having fully ſatisfied my landlady, who willingly reſigned to me her whole right and title to it, I retired to my apartment to examine its contents.

The firſt fifty pages having been torn off to kindle the morning fires, made a mighty chaſm in the work; but the remaining fragment appeared to me ſo worthy of being laid before the public, that I quickly conceived the deſign of becoming its editor. Not having the preſumption to depend entirely on my own judgment in an affair of ſuch importance, I had recourſe to the advice of my friends, and accordingly ſubmitted my manuſcript to the peruſal of ſeveral critics of both ſexes, to whom, through the favour of a certain learned acquaintance, I had the good fortune to be introduced. Alas! ſir, I now found myſelf more at a loſs than ever. The opinions I received were ſo various, ſo contradictory, ſo oppoſite to each other, that I was quite bewildered, and ſhould have dropt all thoughts of

of proceeding in the publication, had not my reſolution been re-animated by the following letter, which I received from a gentleman of great worth and knowledge, to whom I had freely communicated all the objections of the critics, and by whoſe opinion I determined finally to abide.

" SIR,

" ON a careful peruſal of the whole of your manuſcript, (for I pretend not to decide on the merit of a work from glancing over a few ſcattered pages) it appears to me not only praiſe-worthy in the deſign, which is evidently that of ſupporting the cauſe of religion and virtue, but unexceptionable in the means of executing this deſign; or at leaſt leſs exceptionable than ſome other recent publications, which, like it, have avowedly been written in oppoſition to the opinions generally known by the name of the *New Philoſophy*.

" To impute evil intention to the author of every ſpeculative opinion that has an evil tendency, is equally illiberal and unjuſt; but to expoſe that tendency to the unſuſpicious,

and to point it out to the unwary, is an office of charity, not only innocent but meritorious. From the uſe that is made by Vallaton of ſome of the opinions promulgated in Mr. Godwin's Political Juſtice, it appears to me to have been the intention of your author not to paſs an indiſcriminate cenſure on that ingenious, and in many parts admirable, performance; but to expoſe the dangerous tendency of thoſe parts of his theory which might, by a bad man, be converted into an engine of miſchief, and be made the means of enſnaring innocence and virtue.

"Of the keen weapon of ridicule, it muſt be confeſſed, your author has not been ſparing. Were there the leaſt appearance of its having been pointed by perſonal prejudice towards any individual, I ſhould certainly adviſe you to conſign the work to everlaſting oblivion; but it is opinions, not perſons, at which the ſhafts of ridicule are in the preſent work directed.

"Where'er the pow'r of ridicule diſplays
"Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
"Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
"Strikes on the quick obſerver."

Akenſide's *Pleaſures of the Imagination*.

"As the objections, which you tell me have been made to this part of the work by your

your friends, cannot be more fully obviated than by the author I have juſt quoted, I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe the whole paſſage.

" Aſk we, for what fair end th' Almighty Sire
" In mortal boſoms wakes this gay contempt,
" Theſe grateful ſtings of laughter, from diſguſt
" Educing pleaſure? *Wherefore but to aid*
" *The tardy ſteps of Reaſon*, and at once,
" By this prompt impulſe, urge us to deteſt
" The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
" Of Truth, ſlow-dawning on th' inquiring mind,
" At length unfolds, through many a ſubtle tie,
" How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
" In public evil! Yet benignant Heaven,
" Conſcious how dim the dawn of Truth appears
" To thouſands; conſcious what a ſcanty ſpace
" From labours and from care the wider lot
" Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
" To ſcan the maze of Nature; therefore ſtamp'd
" The glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
" As broad, as obvious to the paſſing clown,
" As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye."

" The ridiculous point of view in which ſome of the opinions conveyed to the young and unthinking through the medium of philoſophical novels, is exhibited in the character of Bridgetina, appears to me as an excellent antidote to the poiſon; calculated to make

make an impreſſion upon thoſe to whom ſerious diſquiſitions would have been addreſſed in vain. Upon the whole, I do not heſitate to give it as my opinion, that in publiſhing this work, you will deſerve the thanks of ſociety.

I am, Sir, &c."

Thus encouraged, I am reſolved to ſubmit it to the world; and that it may come forth with every advantage, I entruſt it to your care; at the ſame time ſubmitting it to your judgment, whether this letter (on which I have beſtowed uncommon pains) may not appear as an Introduction.

With much impatience for the firſt proof-ſheet, I remain,

Eſteemed Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

GEOFFRY JARVIS.

* * * * * * *

"THE pudding is very good," replied Mr. Mapple, "and does great honour to my coufin Biddy, who, I dare fay, is the maker."

'I have often told you,' cried the young lady in a refentful accent, 'that my name is not Biddy. Will you never learn to call me Bridgetina?'

"Well, well, Biddy, or Biddytiny, or what you pleafe," rejoined the old gentleman; "though, in my opinion, the world went as well when people were contented with the names that were given them by

their godfathers and godmothers in their baptiſm. Bridget is a good chriſtian name, and I pray the LORD make you as good a woman as your aunt Bridget, from whom you had it. She too was an excellent hand at making a plum-pudding."

'A pudding!' repeated Bridgetina, reddening with anger, 'I do aſſure you, ſir, you are very much miſtaken, if you think that I employ my time in ſuch a manner.'

"And pray, my little couſin, how do you contrive to employ it better?"

To this queſtion Miſs Bridgetina diſdaining reply, caſt ſuch a look of contempt upon her reverend relative, as but for the circumſtance of the ſquint, which we have already noticed, muſt infallibly have diſcomfited him. But as her eyes, while in the act of darting indignant fire in his face, had every appearance of being directed towards the door, the poor gentleman eſcaped unhurt.

Mrs.

Mrs. Botherim now thought it time to aſtoniſh her old friend, by a diſcovery of the wonderful accompliſhments of her daughter.

"You do not know, ſir," ſhe exultingly exclaimed, "that Biddy is a great ſcholar! You will find, if you converſe with her a little, that ſhe is far too learned to trouble herſelf about doing any thing uſeful. Do, Bridgetina, my dear, talk to your couſin a little about the *converſation*, and *perfobility*, and all them there things as Mr. Glib and you are ſo often upon. You have no ideer what a ſcholar ſhe is," continued the fond mother, again addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Mapple, "ſhe has read every book in the circulating library, and Mr. Glib declares ſhe knows them better than he does himſelf."

'Indeed, mamma, but I do no ſuch thing,' cried Bridgetina, pettiſhly; 'do you think I would take the trouble of going through all the dry ſtuff in Mr. Glib's

collection—hiſtory and travels, ſermons and matters of fact? I hope I have a better taſte! You know very well I never read any thing but novels and metaphyſics.'

"Novels and metaphyſics!" repeated her kinſman, caſting up his eyes, "*O tempora! O mores!*"

'Moſes, ſir,' rejoined the young lady, 'if indeed ſuch a man as Moſes ever exiſted, was a very ignorant perſon. His energies were cramped by ſuperſtition, and the belief of a God, which is well known to be the grand obſtacle to perfectibility.'

"My poor child!" ſaid Mr. Mapple, in a tone of compaſſion mixed with aſtoniſhment, "where haſt thou got all this?"

'I told you ſo!' cried the delighted mother, 'I knew you had no ideer of her larning. She puts every one as viſits us to a none-pluſh. The Doctor himſelf had

had as lief go a mile out of his road, as enter into an argument with her."

"Truly, I make no doubt of it," returned Mr. Mapple, dryly, "I am quite of his way of thinking; and, as you have probably some preparations to make for the company you expect this evening, shall take my leave. You know I ride but slowly, and I should like to reach ******* before it grows dark."

"Nay, do pray now, sir, have a little more talk with Biddy before you go; for as to preparing for the company, I does all these there sort of things with my own hands. For though Nancy is a tolerable good cook in a plain way, she has no notion of nick-nacks. I am sure, if any one knew what a trouble it is for me to give suppers! Indeed, Mr. Mapple, you have no ideer. There had I this morning to make the tarts, and the custards, aye, and the pudding too, which you ate at dinner, and praised so much.

And

And now I have only to put on the beſt covers on the drawing-room chairs, and to unpaper the fire-ſcreens, and to fix the candles on the ſconces, and to prepare my daughter's things; ſo that I ſhall ſoon be ready; meanwhile you may chat with Biddy—it will do your heart good to hear her talk.'

Mr. Mapple ſeemed to be of a different opinion; and declining to enter into any controverſy with an adverſary whoſe proweſs was ſo highly vaunted, he immediately took his leave.

CHAP. VI.

Diſtruſtful Senſe, with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes.
But rattling *Nonſenſe* in full volies breaks;
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out reſiſtleſs with a thund'ring tide.

AS the principal families in the pariſh continued the ſame attentions to the widow of their late rector, which they had paid her as his wife, it will be concluded, to a certainty, by thoſe who know any thing of the world, that ſhe was left in poſſeſſion of affluence.

It was not, however, to the extent of her fortune, ſo much as to the exertion of her talents, that Mrs. Botherim ſtood indebted for the civilities of her richer neighbours.

Whatever idea the reader may have formed of the negative ſtrength of her intellects,

tellects, ſhe had ſufficient ſagacity to diſcover, that when ſhe could no longer give dinner for dinner, and ſupper for ſupper, a complete termination would, in the minds of many of her dear friends in the neighbourhood, be given to her exiſtence. Effectually to keep herſelf alive in their remembrance, was a point which ſhe might literally be ſaid to *labour*. It required the inceſſant exertion of all the economy, and all the notability, of which ſhe was miſtreſs: nor would theſe alone have been ſufficient, if they had not been aſſiſted by the perfect knowledge of a ſcience, which produced effects more delightful to many of her gueſts than all "Philoſophy e'er taught."

Though the ſcience of cookery was the only one with which Mrs. Botherim was acquainted, it may be doubted whether it did not ſometimes produce attractions as powerful as the metaphyſical knowledge of her daughter.

Even

Even Mr. Myope himſelf has been ſuſpected of this preference; and has been actually known to leave his free-will opponent in poſſeſſion of the laſt word, from the *neceſſity* he felt himſelf under of devouring the good things ſet before him on Mrs. Botherim's table. Never ſhall I forget the eulogium I once heard him make on one of the good lady's currant tarts: a tart which, as he judiciouſly obſerved, could never have been ſo nicely ſweetened, *if Alexander the Great had not ſet fire to the palace of Perſepolis.**

To praiſe her cookery, or to praiſe her daughter, was at all times the moſt direct road to Mrs. Botherim's heart. When the tribute of flattery was on either of theſe ſubjects withheld, ſhe quickly diſcerned the motive, and conſoled herſelf by obſerving, "that it was better to be *envied* than pitied."

* See Godwin's Pol. Juſ. vol. i. p. 161.

That

That ſhe and her daughter were the objects of envy to many of her neighbours, ſhe could not doubt. The rector's family, in particular, had given her many ſtrong proofs of being poſſeſſed of this hateful paſſion: even the reverend gentleman himſelf had oftener than once dropt ſome hints about the needleſs expenſe of formal entertainments among friends and neighbours; and it was certain, that neither he, nor his ſiſter, nor his daughters, appeared to enjoy half ſo much ſatisfaction at one of her feaſts, as at the ſimple fare which was ſet before them when on a chance viſit. The ſame *envious* diſpoſition it was, which, in Mrs. Botherim's opinion, made them not only avoid the ſubject of metaphyſics, on which her daughter could ſo far outſhine them, but ſeem in pain when it was mentioned.

Of the viſitors expected at the concluſion of the laſt chapter, the ladies of the family we have juſt mentioned, accompanied

panied by the daughter of the diſſenting clergyman, were the firſt that arrived. They were ſeated in the drawing-room before either Mrs. or Miſs Botherim were ready to make their appearance.

At length the mother came curtſeying into the room, and while ſhe ſtroked down the obſtinate folds of her well-ſtarched apron, made a thouſand apologies for not being ſooner prepared for their reception. She was followed by Bridgetina, whoſe ſtiff turban and gaudy ribbons put the homely plainneſs of her countenance in the moſt conſpicuous point of view.

Neither her dreſs nor perſon were, however, in any danger of criticiſm from the party preſent. They perceived not the prodigious fund of merriment that might have been derived from her wearing a blue gown and yellow ſlippers; a circumſtance, which would have afforded a week's giggling to many miſſes, was altogether loſt upon them. Their ſtupid

inſenſi-

inſenſibility to the pleaſure of perſonal ridicule will, no doubt, impreſs many readers with an unfavourable idea of their underſtanding. To the misfortune of never having been at a boarding-ſchool, may perhaps be attributed this ſeeming want of diſcernment to thoſe deformities of perſon, and incongruities of dreſs, to which ſo many ladies, and ſo many beaux, confine their whole ſtock of obſervation.

The compliments of both mother and daughter were received by theſe ladies with that unaffected complacency, which they had been taught to feel for the virtues of the heart. They were not inſenſible to the foibles or the peculiarities of either; but if thoſe of Mrs. Botherim ſometimes excited a ſmile, it was a ſmile unaccompanied by malice, and void of the ill-natured wiſh of expoſing the object that excited it to the ridicule of others. What were their feelings with regard to Bridgetina, may, perhaps, appear hereafter.

Perſonages

Perſonages of greater conſequence now call for our attention. A loud knocking at the door announces the arrival of Sir Anthony Aldgate, his lady, and daughter.

Of her relationſhip to this great man Mrs. Botherim was not a little proud. She exulted in the honour of an annual viſit from him, which he regularly paid on his way to Buxton every ſummer: and though the trouble and expenſe it coſt him, to come ſo many miles out of the direct road, was always ſet forth in ſuch terms, as might have diſguſted a more faſtidious mind; it acted upon Mrs. Botherim's exactly as it was intended, and only ſerved to enhance the value of the viſit. Mrs. Botherim was herſelf the daughter of a tradeſman in the city, and had early acquired ſuch a profound reſpect for wealth, that the ſight of that ſort of intoxication, produced by a full purſe on a narrow heart and ſhallow underſtanding, was not ſo diſguſting to her feelings, as it probably

bly was to thoſe of ſome of her preſent gueſts.

The two Mr. Gubbles, father and ſon, with their reſpective ladies, next appeared, and were formally introduced to Sir Anthony and his lady. In Miſs Aldgate, the younger Mrs. Gubbles ſoon diſcovered a ſchool-mate, and although the daughter of the city knight appeared not very willing to recognize the wife of the apothecary as an acquaintance, the claims of the latter were brought forward in too forcible a manner to be reſiſted.

"Locka me!" cried the bride of young Gubbles, "Miſs Jenny Aldgate, I declare! Who would have thought of ſeeing you here? And you are not married yet! Well! I declare it is ſo odd that I ſhould get married before you! Is n't it?"

Miſs Aldgate bit her lips, while ſhe declared, 'how vaſtly glad ſhe was to ſee her old companion, and to wiſh her joy.' Without liſtening to her compliment,

Mrs.

Mrs. Gubbles continued, "All the ladies at Mrs. Nab's ſchool were ſo ſurpriſed when I went to ſee them, you have no ideer. Locka me! Do you remember our governeſs? How we quizz'd her! I never think of our ſtealing the nice chicken from the fire, which ſhe was having roaſted for her own ſupper, without being ready to die with laughing. I told it all to Mr. Gubbles, and it ſo diverted him! And then the going over the garden-wall to get prog at the paſtry-cook's ſhop: was n't it excellent? And do you remember"—

Here followed a whiſper, which called up ſomething very like a bluſh in the cheeks of Miſs Aldgate. Her friend proceeded—

"Oh, I aſſure you, upon my honour, I never told *that* to any one;" caſting a ſignificant glance at her huſband. "I would not tell ſuch a thing to any one for the world. But, locka me! I wager you won't gueſs what is become of Miſs Bell-

field,

field; that was thought to be ſuch a fortune: do gueſs, now, what is become of her: I lay that you don't."

'Perhaps ſhe is married,' ſaid Miſs Aldgate.

"She married, poor thing!" replied Mrs. Gubbles, "Locka me! ſhe is only one of Mrs. Nab's teachers: is n't it very droll now, is n't it?"

'It is what I never ſhould have thought of, to be ſure,' returned Miſs Aldgate: 'though, as I heard pa ſay, her father was ruined. I ſuppoſe, poor thing, ſhe was glad to do it for bread.'

"Aye, poor thing! you cannot think how I feel for her! But," lowering her tone, "did you ever ſee ſuch a fright as that miſs Botherim? I declare ſhe is quite a *Guy!*"*

* Alluding, as we ſuppoſe, to a groteſque effigy of Guy Faux, which is uſually carried through the ſtreets of London, by the rabble, on the anniverſary of the Gunpowder-plot.

'O dear,'

'O dear,' cried Miſs Aldgate, giggling, 'how can you be ſo droll? I proteſt you will make me die with laughing, you are ſo very comical.' Here both ladies, holding up their fans before their faces, continued for ſome time tittering a duet, to the great edification of the Miſs Orwells, who were placed beſide them; but who, not having been at Mrs. Nab's ſchool, were not, in boarding-ſchool phraſeology, to be *taken into the baby-houſe.*

The entrance of their father, accompanied by his reverend friend Mr. Sydney, would, they hoped, give a more general turn to the converſation; but in this they were diſappointed.

The diſappointment of theſe young ladies aroſe, like moſt other diſappointments, from the fallacy of their expectations. So ignorant were they of the world, as to imagine that thoſe who were beſt qualified to ſpeak, ſhould, by the ſuffrage of the company, be called upon to ſpeak the

moſt. They did not know that while thoſe whoſe knowledge enables them to inſtruct, or whoſe genius qualifies them to enlighten, every circle in which they are placed, are reſtrained by the modeſty and diffidence which are the uſual concomitants of real merit, from taking the lead in converſation, it is without ceremony aſſumed by the ſelf-aſſured, the vain, and the ignorant.

The characters of Doctor Orwell and Mr. Sydney were in many reſpects ſo ſtrikingly ſimilar, that the outlines might juſtly be deſcribed in the ſame terms. Both were benevolent, pious, unaffected, and ſincere. The minds of neither were narrowed by party zeal, nor heated by prejudice. To this liberal turn of thinking were they indebted for the bleſſing of mutual friendſhip: a friendſhip, which received no interruption from the difference of their opinions in ſome ſpeculative points, as each, conſcious of the integrity that governed his own breaſt, gave credit

for

for an equal degree of integrity to the other. Both delighted in literature and ſcience; but, in theſe, as in other purſuits, each took the walk moſt agreeable to his own peculiar taſte, without conteſting for its abſolute ſuperiority over that which was choſen by his friend. General literature, and the belles lettres, had greater attractions for Doctor Orwell, than the abſtruſer ſtudies which engaged the attention of Mr. Sydney. The amuſement of the one was gardening; of the other, botany: but the chief buſineſs of both was to promote the happineſs of their fellow-creatures.

No ſooner had theſe reverend gentlemen taken their ſeats, than they were addreſſed by Sir Anthony upon the late fall of ſtocks, a ſubject in which he well knew himſelf to be the only perſon in company at all intereſted. The confeſſed ignorance of his audience inſpired him with an unuſual flow of eloquence. He conſidered the portentous event in every point of

view in which it could poſſibly be placed. He compared it with ſimilar occurrences of former years, and recited, with great exactneſs, all the obſervations he had then made; obſervations which never failed to be verified by the event, ſo as to redound to the honour of his own ſagacity.

Various were the effects produced by his diſcourſe on the minds of his hearers.

When he ſpake of his mighty bargains of twenty thouſand ſcrip, and thirty thouſand conſols, purchaſed in the courſe of one morning, his importance ſeemed to riſe ſo high in the eſtimation of the Meſſrs. Gubbles, that they exulted in the honour of being in company with ſo great a man.

"Bleſs me!" thought Mrs. Botherim, "with ſo many thouſands of them there ſtocks, (if ſo be as how, that they are all like ſo many bank-notes) one might keep as good a table as my lord-mayor himſelf!"

'Ah!' thought the lovely Harriet Orwell, a ſweet bluſh riſing with the thought,

thought, and playing for a moment on her beauteous cheek, 'Ah! that ſuch a fortune were in the poſſeſſion of the noble-hearted Henry Sydney! To what exalted purpoſes would he employ ſuch a fund of ſuperfluous wealth! How many would he make happy! But would Harriet Orwell be then the object of his attention?'

The deep ſigh that followed was drowned in the ſharp tones of the elder Mrs. Gubbles, who, impatient of the knight's long harangue upon a ſubject in which ſhe could bear no ſhare, had broken the painful reſtraint of ſilence; and in a hoarſe whiſper was giving to Lady Aldgate a minute and circumſtantial detail of an intrigue, long ſuſpected, but only that morning *brought to light*, betwixt the ſhopman and her favourite houſe-maid.

Long as was this hiſtory, and many as were the *ſays I's*, and *ſays ſhe's*, which added to its length, when it was finiſhed,

ed, Mrs. Gubbles found the knight juſt where ſhe had left him.

" I tell you, ſir," ſaid he to Mr. Sydney, whoſe eye he at that moment caught, " I tell you, ſir, it is the very beſt ſtock in which you can poſſibly purchaſe, and I will undertake to prove it to you in a moment. Suppoſing, I ſay, ſuppoſing now you to have only ten thouſand pounds."

' Indeed, ſir,' ſaid Mr. Sydney, ' I never was, nor ever expect to be, worth the tenth part of the ſum in my life.'

" Eh!" rejoined the knight, " not worth a thouſand pounds! Pray, what did you begin with?"

' I began the world,' replied Mr. Sydney, ' with an education, which taught me that a man's riches conſiſteth not in the abundance which he poſſeſſeth—that he only is truly affluent, whoſe treaſures lie where moths cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and ſteal; and that

that a man worth fifty thouſand pounds, if wanting theſe, is poor indeed!'

"Very true, very true, indeed," rejoined Sir Anthony, "no man can be called rich, till he is worth a plum."

'There is one advantage,' reſumed Mr. Sydney, 'attendant upon riches, which a good Providence has no doubt beſtowed as a compenſation for the degradation to which the glorious powers of intellect are forced to ſtoop in its acquirement, as well as for the cares, anxieties, and temptations, which inevitably accompany its poſſeſſion; I need not name this advantage to you, ſir,' continued the reverend old gentleman, 'but I think, if you had been witneſs to the ſcene which my friend Dr. Orwell and I have juſt come from, you would have declared you never had a more glorious opportunity of enjoying it.'

The eyes of Dr. Orwell gliſtened with pleaſure, at the ſucceſsful method taken by

by his friend to introduce a ſubject on which his thoughts inceſſantly dwelt, and which Mrs. Botherim's frequent praiſes of the knight's liberality made him anxious to bring forward.

"It was a ſcene of extreme miſery, indeed!" cried he: "happy muſt be the perſon, who could effectually relieve ſo worthy a family from at leaſt one moiety of their preſent diſtreſs."

The knight took ſnuff, which occaſioned a long fit of ſneezing; at the concluſion of which, Dr. Orwell repeated the laſt ſentence he had uttered, in a ſtill more impreſſive manner, adding, "the ſtruggle they have made has been noble, their reſignation has been exemplary, and unbounded, I am ſure, would be their gratitude."

'Gratitude, did you ſay, ſir?' cried Miſs Bridgetina, who had been all this while ſitting ſcrewed up for a metaphyſical argument, "Give me leave to tell you,

you, ſir, there is nothing ſo immoral as gratitude. It is, as Mr. Myope ſays, a vice, or rather, a miſtake, peculiar to minds who have imbibed certain prejudices, but which none who have energy to riſe above them, are ever known to practiſe;—it is, in ſhort, the greateſt obſtacle to perfectibility.—Who ever knew Mr. Myope grateful for any favour that he ever received?'

Juſt as Bridgetina had concluded this ſpeech, which, though new to great part of the company, had been delivered in exactly the ſame words at leaſt ſeventeen times before, a ſort of general alarm was produced by the ſudden entrance of Mr. Glib; but this is a ſubject well deſerving a new chapter.

CHAP. VII.

"Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis."
Hor. Ars Poet.

MR. GLIB, who, like a true philoſopher, deſpiſed all ceremony, took not the leaſt notice either of Mrs. Botherim or her gueſts, but ſkipping at once up to Bridgetina, "Good news!" cried he, "citizen Miſs. Glorious news! We ſhall have rare talking now! There are Mr. Myope, and the Goddeſs of Reaſon, and Mr. Vallaton, all come down upon the top of the heavy coach. There they are at my houſe taking a ſnack, all as hungry as ſo many cormorants. I was in ſuch a hurry to tell you, that I left the ſhop to take care of itſelf, and off I ran. Juſt as

as I was at the door, up comes a wench for the patent ſtyptic for Mr. Plane, the carpenter, who, ſhe ſaid, had met with a doleful accident—but would not go back. Bid him exert his energies, my dear, ſaid I: that's it! energies do all! And off I came, as you ſee, without gartering my ſtockings. But never mind, come along. The Goddeſs of Reaſon longs to give you the fraternal embrace; faith, and a comely wench ſhe is, that's certain. But let us be off, I have not a moment to ſpare, and I can't go without you."

'Mr. Myope! and the Goddeſs of Reaſon! and Mr. Vallaton! and all!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'you make me too happy! Lead me to the enlightened groupe,' continued ſhe, riſing from her chair, or rather getting off it, (for as ſhe was rather taller ſitting than ſtanding, ſhe could not be well ſaid *to riſe* when ſhe aſſumed the latter poſture) 'Lead me to the enlightened groupe; I would not loſe a moment

moment of their converſe for the world; the injury would be incalculable.'

Mrs. Botherim obſerving her daughter's motion, laid down the tea-pot to expoſtulate.

"You would not go now, ſure, my dear?" cried ſhe; "you cannot poſſibly think of leaving this here company, who are all of our own inviting: and who, though they may not be quite ſo larned in that there philoſophy, ſeeing that it is but a new ſort of a thing, as a body may ſay; yet you know, my dear, it would be one of the moſt rudeſt things in the world to run away from them."

To this expoſtulation, which was made in a low voice, Bridgetina replied aloud—

'And do you think I am now *at liberty* to remain here? I wonder, mamma, how you can ſpeak ſo ridiculouſly? Have I not told you again and again, that I am under *the neceſſity* of preferring the motive that is moſt preferable? The company, if they

are

are not very ignorant indeed, muſt know that my going inſtantly to Mr. Glib's is a link in the glorious chain of cauſation, generated in eternity, and which binds me now to act exactly as I do.' So ſaying, ſhe put her arm in Mr. Glib's, and hurried off as faſt as the ſhortneſs of her legs would permit.

Her conductor, ſoon tired of the ſlow pace at which ſhe appeared to him to walk, though ſhe had actually hopp'd and run her very beſt to keep up with him, propoſed leaving her at the firſt turning, while he ran up to Captain Delmond's for Miſs Julia, whoſe preſence he knew was expected with much impatience by ſome of the party at his houſe.

He could not have left the hapleſs maiden at a more unlucky moment. She had not advanced many ſteps, till her paſſage was oppoſed by a mighty torrent, vulgarly called a kennel, which was now ſwelled to an unuſual ſize by the waſhing out of

the

the ſhambles, it being market-day. While ſhe ſtood meditating on the brink of this by no means pellucid ſtream, a ſudden guſt of wind whirled off the high-raiſed turban, and with it, O luckleſs deſtiny! went the flowing honours of her head. The ſtiff ringlets ſo well pomatumed, and ſo nicely powdered, which Mrs. Bother-im had with her own hands ſo carefully pinned on, together with the huge knots of many coloured ribbons; all, all were hurried down the black boſom of the remorſeleſs ſtream!

"Smoke the lady's wig!" * called out an unlucky boy to his companions, who inſtantly ſet up ſuch a ſhout of laughter, that the diſcomfited Bridgetina, regardleſs

* At the time the above was written, the author had probably no idea that wigs were ſo ſoon to become a reigning faſhion amongſt his fair country-women. He, poor man, would moſt likely have deemed it a ſlander upon the taſte and underſtanding of the ladies of England—to ſuppoſe it in the power of *faſhion* to introduce a cuſtom ſo odious and abſurd!

of

of the danger ſhe encountered, and forgetful of the irremediable ruin of her yellow ſlippers, daſhed into the muddy torrent, which, in ſpite of many oppoſing obſtacles, ſhe made ſhift to waddle through. Arrived at Mr. Glib's, ſhe ſlipt in through the ſhop and back-parlour to the kitchen; but there ſhe found only the three children buſily employed in picking the bones that had been ſent out upon the ſtrangers' plates. She begged the eldeſt boy to go into the parlour for his mother: "No, but I wont though," returned the little half-naked urchin, "I would as ſoon go to church." She attempted to coax him, but in vain. At length her voice was heard by Mrs. Glib, who, coming into the kitchen, was ſoon informed of the diſmal plight of Bridgetina, which ſhe relieved as far as poſſible, by a neceſſary change of apparel; and having pinned up the petticoats to prevent their trailing on the ground, for Mrs. Glib

was

was rather above the middle ſize, ſhe conducted her into the parlour.

Miſs Botherim was received by Mr. Myope, and Mr. Vallaton, in a manner ſufficiently cordial: each of them taking a hand conducted her up to the Goddeſs of Reaſon, who was lolling in the eaſy chair, careſſing that favourite monkey who acted ſuch a conſpicuous part at the Apotheoſis of her Goddeſsſhip at Paris, as hath been already related in the third chapter of theſe memoirs. Placing her companion upon the table, ſhe roſe to embrace the pupil of her dear Myope; but on obſerving the groteſque figure that was preſented to her, ſhe heſitated.

Mr. Pug was not quite ſo ſcrupulous, he without ceremony ſprang forward, and claſping his paws round the neck of Bridgetina, gave her the fraternal embrace in due form; and then putting out his chin, chattered in her face in ſuch a manner, that poor Miſs Botherim, who was not accuſtomed

accuſtomed to this ſort of jargon, uttered a ſcream of terror.

It was with ſome difficulty that the Goddeſs of Reaſon prevailed upon Mr. Pug to quit his hold. While ſhe was coaxing him for that purpoſe, Mr. Myope, provoked at the obſtinacy of the little animal, ſeized his paw on purpoſe to force him to relinquiſh his graſp, which Mr. Pug, being an avowed enemy to the ſyſtem of coercion, reſented upon the finger of the philoſopher by his teeth.

"D— ye!" cried the ſerene inculcator of non-reſiſtance, "you little devil! If I don't break every bone in your body for this!"

'Ah! de poor little angel!' exclaimed the Goddeſs of Reaſon, hugging her little favourite cloſe to her boſom, 'Has he frightened oo, lovey, has he? but oo ſant be hurt, ittle dear! oo ſant.'

"You are inſufferably provoking," retorted Myope; but don't think that

the little devil ſhall eſcape a beating for this. He has bit my finger to the very bone!"

'Well,' returned the Goddeſs of Reaſon, 'and how could *pauvre chere* help dat? Had he no de motive?"

'The Citizen Goddeſs is in the right,' ſaid Bridgetina. 'As juſtly might you puniſh the knife for cutting your finger, as the monkey for biting it; ſince, according to your own ſublime ſyſtem, they are inſtruments equally paſſive.' *

"D— their paſſiveneſs," cried Myope in encreaſed agony, while Mrs. Glib applied ſome Fryar's Balſam to the wound, "d— their paſſiveneſs: I tell you, I believe I ſhall loſe my finger; I never felt ſuch pain in my life."

"Exert your energies, my dear citizen," cried Mr. Glib, who had juſt entered, "exert your energies, my dear. That's

* See Godwin's Pol. Juſtice, vol. i. b. 3d.

it!

it! energies do all! Cure your finger in a twinkling. Energies would make a man of the monkey himself in a fortnight."

The wound being now bound up, and the pain a little abated, Mr. Myope did exert his energies so far as to resume some degree of philosophical composure.

Not so Mr. Variation. Having twice changed his seat to different corners of the room, through the restlessness of impatience; he again, from the same impulse, drew near Mr. Glib, to requestion him concerning Julia; and was receiving from him, for the third time, a full and complete recital of all that she had said to him, when the door opened, and Julia herself, the charming Julia, appeared.

Never did she look more lovely. The small straw hat which was carelessly tied under her chin with a bow of pink ribbons, had been so far driven back by the wind, as to display the auburn ringlets that in profusion played upon her lovely

cheeks; thoſe cheeks, where the animated bloom of nature ſet all poetical compariſon at defiance. Mr. Vallaton was the laſt perſon to whom ſhe addreſſed herſelf; but the bluſh that overſpread her countenance, plainly denoted that he was not the moſt indifferent to her heart. Mr. Vallaton likewiſe reddened; but who ſo little ſkilled in phyſiognomy as not to have perceived, in the different ſhades of the colour that overſpread each countenance, the difference of the ſenſation by which it was produced? Whilſt the pleaſure of beholding the object of an innocent affection heightened the glow in the cheek of modeſty, and ſweetly ſparkled in the eye; the paſſions that fluſhed the countenance of the deep deſigner, were evidently of far groſſer birth.

The fraternal embrace (that laudable inſtitution, and moſt excellent contrivance for baniſhing all reſerve betwixt the ſexes) being over, Mr. Vallaton began

to complain, in exaggerated terms, of the length of time ſhe had kept him in ſuſpenſe about her coming.

'I could not get away ſooner, indeed,' cried Julia, eager to juſtify herſelf from the charge of unkindneſs. 'You know,' continued ſhe, 'the general bad ſtate of my father's health; but he has been indiſpoſed even more than uſual for this laſt fortnight: and when he is ill, nothing appears to ſooth his pain ſo much as my reading to him; and knowing the pleaſure it affords him, I cannot poſſibly be ſo undutiful as to deprive him of it.'

"Duty!" repeated Mr. Vallaton, "How can a mind ſo enlightened as Julia's talk of duty, that bugbear of the ignorant? I would almoſt as ſoon hear you talk of gratitude."

"Indeed,' anſwered Julia, 'I cannot help thinking that there is ſome regard due to duty. You know how kind my father has ever been to me. My mother, too, whoſe

whoſe very ſoul ſeems wrapt up in me, who knows no pleaſure but in promoting mine. Is it poſſible that I do not owe them ſome duty? Gratitude you have convinced me is out of the queſtion; but indeed I cannot help thinking that there is in this caſe ſomething due to duty.'

"And is this," retorted Mr. Vallaton, in a chiding tone, "is this all the progreſs you have made in the new philoſophy?* Do you not know that duty is an expreſ-

* The frequent plagiariſms of our author have been particularly objected to by ſome of my learned friends; who informed me, that by peruſing the works of Mr. Godwin, and ſome of his diſciples, I ſhould be enabled to detect the ſtolen paſſages, which it would be but honeſt to reſtore to the right owner. Alas! they knew not what a heavy taſk they impoſed on me. If I have failed in its execution, I humbly hope Mr. Godwin and his friends will accept of this apology; and while they recognize, in the ſpeeches of Mr. Vallaton, the expreſſions they have themſelves made uſe of, that they will have the goodneſs to forgive me, for not having always correctly pointed out the page from whence they have been taken.——EDITOR.

ſion

ſion merely implying the mode in which any being may be beſt employed for the general good? And how, I pray you, does your humouring theſe old people conduce to that great purpoſe? Ah, Julia! there are other methods in which you might employ your time far more beneficially."

"Truth, ſaid Mr. Myope, who had been attentively liſtening to their converſation, "truth, fair citizen, obliges me to declare, that Mr. Vallaton is in the right. We are not, you muſt remember, connected merely with one or two percipient beings, but with a ſociety, a nation, and in ſome reſpects with the whole family of mankind. To eſteem any individual above his deſerts, becauſe he is in ſome manner related to us, or has been in any wiſe ſerviceable in promoting our happineſs, is the moſt flagrant injuſtice. What magic is there in the word *my*, to overturn the deciſion of everlaſting truth? Did the obligations, as you call them, conferred upon

you

you by your parents, originate in the conviction of your being a being of more worth and importance than any other young female of their acquaintance? If they did not, they were founded in injuſtice, and therefore immoral; and whatever is ſo, your judgment ſhould contemn."

"Yes," reſumed Vallaton, "and as to your regard for them, philoſophy ſhould teach you to conſider only—how can theſe old people benefit ſociety? What can they do for the general good? And then placing beſide them ſome of thoſe whoſe extenſive faculties, whoſe great powers, enable them to perform the glorious taſk of enlightening the world; ſay, whether juſtice, pure unadulterated juſtice, will not point out where the preference ought to fall?"

'Well!' rejoined Julia, 'I declare I never thought of it in this light before. Every new proof of affection which I received from my father and mother, has always

always ſo endeared them to my heart, that I have thought, if I could lay down my life for them, it would be too little for all their goodneſs to me.'

"How unworthy of the enlightened mind of Julia is ſuch a ſentiment!" exclaimed Vallaton. "But I hope you will ſoon get the better of theſe remains of prejudice, and in ardent deſire for the general good, loſe this confined *individuality* of affection."

'Indeed I ſhall never loſe my affection for my parents,' returned Julia; 'I ſhould hate myſelf if I did.'

Mr. Vallaton, afraid of puſhing the matter too far, changed the diſcourſe; but in every ſubject that was introduced, artfully contrived to bring in ſuch alluſions to the purpoſe of his argument, as he thought beſt calculated to work on the ardent imagination of his fair and unſuſpecting pupil.

CHAP. VIII.

" But ſome there are who deem themſelves moſt free,
" When they, within this groſs and viſible ſphere,
" Chain down the winged thought; ſcoffing aſcent,
" Proud in their meanneſs; and themſelves they cheat
" With noiſy emptineſs of learned phraſe."

SOUTHEY.

IN the ſketch we preſented to our readers, of the principal incidents which marked the life of Mr. Myope, we entered into a ſort of promiſe to furniſh a ſimilar degree of information concerning his friend and aſſociate, Mr. Vallaton.

As we hold every engagement of this nature ſacred, and as it is probable that a more convenient opportunity than the preſent may not occur for diſcharging our obligation, we ſhall, without further loſs

of

of time, proceed to gratify the curiosity, which we make no doubt we have excited.

Who were the parents of this illustrious hero, it is probable the most accurate research could not have ascertained; not that we shall take upon us to affirm that such research was ever made; it is more probable, that the discovery was left to that chance which is so obliging to the foundling hero of every novel. Similar as were the circumstances of Mr. Vallaton's birth, in point of obscurity, to that of the great men, whose lives and adventures have employed the pens of so many eminent writers, philosophers, and sempstresses, authors by profession, ladies of quality, and milliners at their leisure hours; it was attended by some peculiarities, a relation of which will sufficiently exculpate us from the charge of plagiarism.

A woman who lodged in one of the subterraneous abodes, vulgarly denominated cellars, in a little alley of St. Giles's, was

called

called his mammy; and to her, upon pain of whipping, he delivered all the halfpence which his infant importunity had extorted from the paſſengers in the ſtreet; but this woman, even at the foot of the gallows, denied being the mother of the *funny vagabond*, as her little charge was commonly called. To her inſtructions, however, was he indebted for the firſt rudiments of his education; and it is but juſtice to his early genius to obſerve, that there never was an apter ſcholar.

At ſix years old he could, with wonderful adroitneſs, adapt his tale, ſo as beſt to work upon the feelings of his auditors.—Sometimes, in a pitiful and whining tone, he would beg, 'for GOD's ſake a ſingle halfpenny to buy a bit of bread for ſix of them, who have not broke their faſt today.'

One paſſenger he would follow with clamorous importunity for the length of a ſtreet. Another, from whoſe aſpect he expected better things, he would attack with

a tale

a tale of ſorrow; his father had then a broken leg, and his mother was juſt that morning brought to-bed of twins; a ſtory which he told ſo well, and with ſuch apparent ſimplicity, that it more than once produced a ſixpence. In this way were the talents of our hero employed till his ninth year, when the fatal exit of his mammy left him at his own diſpoſal.

During the laſt weeks of the life of his benefactreſs, he ſo improved by the converſation of her fellow-priſoners, that there were few of the choiceſt ſecrets in the ſcience of pilfering, of which he did not acquire ſome idea; of all the more common modes of exerciſing the profeſſion he became perfect maſter. Being thus initiated in the theory, we make no doubt that he would ſoon have become an adept in the practice, had not the laſt moments of his mammy produced a certain feeling of terror, which ſo forcibly operated upon his mind, as to deter him from accepting the overtures of a gang

of

of thieves, who had conceived a juſt opinion of his talents.

That moſt great men have had their weakneſſes, is an obſervation, which, however trite it may appear, is nevertheleſs founded in truth. Let not then our hero be derided for *his*; ſince it muſt be acknowledged, that many have trembled at phantoms leſs formidable than the gallows.

Whether the native ſtrength of his mind might not at length have enabled him to conquer the dread of an evil from which he daily ſaw ſo many adventurers eſcape, and which he knew to be moſt deſpiſed by thoſe on whom it was moſt likely to fall, we cannot take it upon us to determine. Before the power of exiſting circumſtances had directed his energies into this channel, an incident occurred, which probably changed the colour of his future deſtiny.

While employed in ſweeping the croſſing, oppoſite the door of a charitable lady, in the neighbourhood of Bloomſ-

bury-

bury-ſquare, he obſerved a ſquirrel make its eſcape from the houſe; and ſeeing two or three ſervants immediately run after it, judged that ſomething might be got by recovering the fugitive. He accordingly engaged in the chaſe, and being either the moſt active, or the moſt zealous, of thoſe who were employed in the purſuit, eaſily outſtripped them all, and had the honour of ſecuring the little runaway, who revenged the loſs of liberty by biting the hand of his enſlaver. Notwithſtanding the pain occaſioned by the wound, the little fellow bravely kept hold of his adverſary, and returned with him in triumph to his miſtreſs.

The good lady, delighted at the reſtoration of her favourite, demanded the name of his preſerver. 'The boys calls me *the funny vagabond*,' replied he, 'and I'e never anſwers to no other name.'

"And where do your father and mother live?" inquired the lady.

'Iſe

'Iſe have got no fathers nor mothers,' returned he, beginning to whimper.

"Poor thing!" ſaid the lady, "and were you never at ſchool?" The negative to this queſtion, and the apparent wretchedneſs of the little object, ſo wrought upon the compaſſionate heart of this good woman, that ſhe immediately conceived the intention of taking him under her protection. He was accordingly clothed, and put to ſchool by the name of *Alphonſo Vallaton*, for ſo the good lady, who was a great reader of novels, choſe to conſtrue the appellation of *funny vagabond*, which, though probably but a nick-name, was all that he had any remembrance of poſſeſſing.

If our hero's progreſs in literature did not keep pace with his adroitneſs in other purſuits, yet even here he found apparent ſmartneſs an impoſing ſubſtitute for more ſolid underſtanding. So plauſibly could he retail ſcraps of the leſſons of others, that

that with all, but the maſter, he paſſed for a promiſing ſcholar; and the maſter had ſomething elſe to do than to attend to the real progreſs of a boy who was indebted to the ſupport of charity. When, at the deſire of her lady, the houſekeeper would ſometimes condeſcend to liſten to the young Alphonſo, while he read to her a leſſon in his ſchool-book; ſhe acknowledged herſelf aſtoniſhed at the manner in which he acquitted himſelf. He did not then (as a boy of inferior genius, in the ſame circumſtances, certainly would have done) proceed to ſpelling and putting together, but went boldly on without ſtop or heſitation, ſo artfully managing the tones of his voice, as to remove all ſuſpicion of deceit. When memory failed, invention was always at hand to ſupply the deficiency.

Indeed the wonderful dexterity with which he brought theſe powers of the mind to contribute to each other's aſſiſtance, was, through life, one of the moſt

conſpicuous as well as moſt uſeful of our hero's accompliſhments.

At twelve years old being, by the report of the houſekeeper, which was corroborated by the teſtimony of his ſchool-maſter, qualified to read, write, and caſt accounts, he was taken from ſchool, and promoted to the employment of foot-man's aſſiſtant. Here every talent that he had received from nature, every habit that he had acquired among the companions of his early life, were placed in a ſoil ſuited to their expanſion and improvement. Here that inventive faculty, which not only furniſhed him with a ready excuſe for every fault he himſelf committed, but which was ever at the ſervice of his friends, found daily opportunities of exerciſe. Nor was it in words alone that his ſuperior genius was diſplayed. Each of his fellow-ſervants received, in their ſeparate departments, convincing proofs of his abilities. To John, his immediate ſuperintendant, he quickly endeared himſelf,

himſelf, by the dexterity with which he aſſiſted him to carry off a greater quantity of wine from the cellar and the ſide-board, than he had ever before ventured to appropriate to his own uſe. By the cook, his knowledge in the art of making up accounts was put in a continual ſtate of requiſition. So acutely did he perceive where the additional charge could beſt be made, that while her bills had the appearance of being leſs extravagant, they were actually more productive to her than ever. The coachman likewiſe experienced the benefit of his good offices, in a more advantageous diſpoſal of the oats bought for his horſes; one half of which he now contrived to ſell for little leſs than half of what they had coſt his miſtreſs. In ſhort, during the two years of our hero's abode in this family, the ſyſtem of peculation was ſo completely organized, that it is thought to have given the firſt hint to Mr. Myope of his notion of perfectibility.

Here we think it is neceſſary to ſtop, and to enter a caveat againſt any invidious application of our account of the above tranſactions. For which purpoſe we do moſt ſolemnly declare and aver, that we did not mean to inſinuate the moſt diſtant alluſions to the practices of any man or bodies of men, in any public office or department of the ſtate, in this or any other country; and particularly beg we may not be underſtood as intending any thing in the leaſt diſreſpectful to thoſe gentlemen who are called "*ſervants of the public*," either in this or the ſiſter kingdom. With which aſſeveration of the purity of our intentions, we ſhall conclude the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

" Ha! ſoft! twas but a dream,
" But then ſo terrible it ſhakes my ſoul:
" Cold drops of ſweat hang on my trembling fleſh;
" My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror."

SHAKESPEARE.

THAT " fortune favours the brave," is a remark almoſt proverbial; but, alas! the truth of the obſervation is not always juſtified by experience. The moſt ſhining abilities are not at all times crowned with equal ſucceſs: and in the warfare of life, there are ſome contingencies placed beyond the reach of human foreſight to prevent, of human vigilance to elude.

While our hero was flouriſhing the pride and darling of the kitchen, an event was ripening in the womb of fate, which threatened

threatened to deprive him of all the comforts he there ſo liberally enjoyed.

The ſuſpicions of his miſtreſs, with regard to the depredations on her wine cellar, were at length arouſed. They were communicated to a friend, and this friend, who poſſeſſed talents for circumventing fraud, and detecting villany, far beyond what the good lady herſelf could boaſt, laid ſuch a train as, at the moment leaſt ſuſpected, produced a full and complete diſcovery. As the falſe keys were found in the poſſeſſion of our hero, his fellow-ſervants thought to ſcreen themſelves by throwing all the blame on him, and with one voice voted his impeachment. The young gentleman did not hefitate to recriminate, and brought ſuch convincing proofs of the knavery of his accuſers, as the friend of the lady wiſely obſerved, left her no choice but to *diſmiſs them all.*

In the benignity of his patroneſs, however, our hero ſtill found a powerful advocate;

cate; which, in ſpite of the remonſtrances of her friend, prevented her from throwing deſtitute upon the world, a creature ſhe had once taken under her protection. Inſtead, therefore, of diſmiſſing him with thoſe to whoſe bad example ſhe attributed all his ſhare of guilt, ſhe reſolved to expoſe him no more to ſimilar temptations. She deſired him to chooſe a trade for his future ſupport, and, in conſequence of his preference, had him bound to a hair-dreſſer; taking upon herſelf to pay the cuſtomary premium, and to provide him with clothes during the period of his apprenticeſhip.

In the dexterous management of the comb, and the curling irons, our hero ſoon excelled; nor in the more ſubtle and recondite arts of his new profeſſion did he leſs ably diſtinguiſh himſelf. In the latter part of the above account, we are, doubtleſs anticipated by the judgment of the reader, which will at once conclude, that a proficient in lying would ſoon be

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an adept in flattery. With ſuch accompliſhments he could not poſſibly fail of becoming a favourite with the ladies. In fact, his ſervices were in ſuch requeſt, that long before the expiration of his apprenticeſhip, the houſe of his maſter attained celebrity with the fair ſex from the name of Vallaton.

During this period, the amours of our hero would, of themſelves, be ſufficient to fill a volume; and much do we wiſh it were in our power to gratify the laudable curioſity of our reader with a circumſtantial and minute detail of this part of his hiſtory. Convinced as we are, from authority the moſt reſpectable, that it is from works like theſe the modern philoſopher ſeeks the materials with which he builds his ſyſtem of the human mind, we feel diſtreſſed at withholding from him information ſo deſirable as that which we certainly have it in our power to beſtow. But, alas! in ſpite of all our efforts, we find ourſelves ſtill ſo much

much the ſlaves of a certain weakneſs, called *delicacy*, as to be withheld from the deſcription.

However derogatory the above confeſſion may be to our fame, we are happy to learn that the world is not likely to loſe any thing by our infirmity. A full and complete account of the life and achievements of our hero being now preparing for the preſs by one of our *female philoſophers*, who will, no doubt, amply fill up every chaſm, which the weakneſs above alluded to has forced us to make. To return to our narrative.

It was not in the favour of the ladies alone, that the young Vallaton found means to ingratiate himſelf; nor was it to them that his attentions were excluſively confined. In a certain three-penny ſpouting-club, his oratorical talents had already been ſo conſpicuouſly diſplayed, as to obtain the unbounded applauſe of all the apprentices, journeymen, and ſhop-ſweepers, who were there aſſembled.

aſſembled. They did more; they attracted the notice of a gentleman who was particularly deſirous of being conſidered *the patron of genius:* and from him our hero received ſuch information, with regard to ſome ſpeculative points, as in ſome degree obviated the inconvenience to which he was expoſed by his own conſummate ignorance.

He ſoon had his ambition gratified by a little circle of applauders who received, without comment or contradiction, whatever opinions he choſe to advance. In ſhort, he ſoon became the oracle of his diſtrict; and who has not obſerved with what deſpotic ſway theſe oracles preſide in the circle that acknowledges their ſupremacy? The ſubjects, over whom Vallaton began his reign, were diſtinguiſhed by one uniform ſentiment of enmity towards religion and religioniſts of all denominations. His towering genius quickly diſcerned, that by advancing one

ſtep

ſtep beyond what any of his contemporary oracles had ventured to ſoar, he ſhould infallibly procure for himſelf the moſt enviable diſtinction. He, therefore, boldly profeſſed himſelf an ATHEIST.

To account for this wonderful diſplay of mental energy, let it be remembered, that our hero enjoyed advantages from his early education, equal to any that the moſt enlightened philoſopher has ventured to preſcribe.

He reached his ninth year without having even heard of a GOD, but through the medium of blaſphemy; and the words "GOD have mercy on your ſoul," pronounced by the judge in giving ſentence on his mammy, was the firſt expreſſion that conveyed to his mind any ſort of idea of a future ſtate. It is true, that, by the directions of his patroneſs, he had been taught to repeat the creed, the catechiſm, and the Lord's-prayer; but in the repetition, not a ſingle idea obtruded itſelf upon

upon his mind, that could tend to injure it by any religious prejudice or impreſſion whatever. The value of theſe manifeſt advantages we leave it to our philoſophical readers to calculate; it is our buſineſs to point out the effects.

The breaſt of our hero now glowed with an ambition, which not all the praiſes beſtowed upon his pretty taſte as a *friſeur*, had power to gratify.

The applauſe he had met with as an orator, enflamed his deſire to figure as an author. To the uninitiated in the art of book-making, ſuch a deſign, in a perſon of our hero's ſlender ſtock of information, may, perhaps, appear temerarious and abſurd. To thoſe who are better acquainted with ſuch matters, a ſufficient number of precedents will occur to exculpate Mr. Vallaton from the charge of ſingularity.

As it fell to the lot of the writer of theſe memoirs to correct the orthography and grammar of the volume of metaphyſical

phyſical eſſays, which was the firſt production of his pen, he may, perhaps, be ſuppoſed to arrogate to himſelf ſome of the merit of its ſucceſs; and will, therefore, paſs it over in ſilence.

Whatever reception this production met with from the world, it appears to have effected a complete revolution in its author's views. For the pen, the comb, and the curling-irons, were from thenceforth forſaken; and the taſk of adorning the heads of his fair country-women gave place to the more dignified employment of enlightening their underſtandings. In which of the occupations, whether as an author or a friſeur, our hero was moſt conducive to the real benefit of ſociety, it may perhaps be difficult to determine.

To enlarge the ſphere of his utility, Mr. Vallaton thought it neceſſary to have recourſe to politics, and took upon himſelf (for we never heard that it was conferred upon him by the public) the appellation of *Vallaton, the patriot.*

Should

Should the reader be inclined to ſuppoſe, that the patriotiſm of Vallaton bore any reſemblance to that which has appeared in ſome diſtinguiſhed characters of our own and former days, he will labour under an egregious miſtake.

To that generous and diſintereſted love of liberty, which glowed in the breaſts of a Ruſſel and a Sydney; to that zeal for the glory, and jealouſy for the honour, of his country, which animated a Chatham; or to the effect of all theſe principles, as they appear combined, invigorated, and improved in the capacious minds of ſome diſtinguiſhed characters of our own day, our hero was a perfect ſtranger. The only ſhape in which patriotiſm ever appeared to the mind of Vallaton, was in that of a ladder, by the aſſiſtance of which he might be enabled to climb a few ſteps higher on the hill of fame! But, alas! his courage by no means kept pace with his ambition. At the very ſecond ſtep in

his

his career he ſtumbled. A threatened proſecution for ſedition ſtruck ſuch terror to his heart, that he reſolved to quit the kingdom, and haſtened to communicate his intentions to the only friend, on whom, in ſuch a juncture, he could depend for ſupport or aſſiſtance.

This gentleman, whom we have already mentioned as the patron of his riſing genius, and from whom he had already received many pecuniary obligations, cordially entered into his views; and told him that he would moſt cheerfully bear his expences to Paris, provided he took charge of a ſum of money, which he greatly wiſhed to convey to a brother then reſiding in that city. To this propoſal Vallaton gave a cheerful conſent, and having ſo artfully concealed the ſeven hundred guineas committed to his care, as to avoid detection, ſet out upon his journey. The route he was obliged to take, though circuitous, was

ſafe;

ſafe; ſo that without material accident or interruption, he, in leſs than a fortnight, reached the French capital.

The firſt public ceremony to which he was a witneſs, was the Apotheoſis of the Goddeſs of Reaſon; where, as has been already related in the ſecond chapter of theſe memoirs, he met with Mr. Myope. The circumſtances of their meeting, together with all the events of that memorable day, have there been given at ſuch full length, that we ſhall not weary the reader by a repetition; ſuffice to ſay, that the friendly behaviour of Mr. Myope, upon that occaſion, ſeemed to excite in the breaſt of Vallaton feelings of the moſt lively gratitude. He was profuſe in his acknowledgments, and having formerly known Myope in the character of an itinerant preacher, he took care to ſeaſon his ſpeeches with ſuch pious phraſes, concerning his wonderful deliverance, as he thought would be pleaſing to the ears of his benefactor.

Mr.

Mr. Myope quickly convinced him of his miſtake. He informed him of his having become a convert to the new philoſophy; and by the enthuſiaſtic warmth of his eulogium, convinced him, that, if he wiſhed to ingratiate himſelf in his affection, he could not take a more effectual method than by eſpouſing the doctrines he had embraced.

Had Mr. Myope continued a religioniſt, it is difficult to ſay whether the complaiſance of Vallaton would have been able to carry him ſo far as to profeſs himſelf a proſelyte to his opinions. For though the ſpeculative points that had ſucceſſively excited the zealous ſupport of that doctrinal Proteus, had little or no connection with that religion which "purifies the heart;" they were all attended with the inconveniency of being attached to certain notions of a Supreme Being, and a future ſtate, which it was by no means agreeable to our hero to take into his account.

The new opinions embraced by Mr. Myope were happily free from this encumbrance. They were, moreover, poſſeſſed of an advantage which, to a perſon of Mr. Vallaton's education, gave them a manifeſt ſuperiority over ſuch doctrines as require the trouble of ſtudy, or ſtand in need of the ſupport of knowledge.

Vallaton quickly perceived how much it would be for his advantage, to become the ſtrenuous advocate of a ſyſtem which nature had ſo eminently qualified him to ſupport: a ſyſtem, which, ſoaring to a higher region than experience has ever reached, might be deſpiſed by the wiſe, but could never be refuted by the learned. Nor were theſe the only advantages attendant upon the new theory. While a ſhallow plauſibility rendered it admirably calculated for gaining proſelytes among the young, the unthinking, and the uninformed, the boldneſs of its aſſertions was not likely to incur the cenſure of the legiſlative

legiſlative authority; ſince, however they might tend to warp the heart and miſlead the underſtanding, they neither excited to tumult, nor recommended immediate reform.

After a due conſideration of all theſe weighty arguments, Mr. Vallaton acknowledged himſelf not only to be convinced, but enraptured, by the enlightened reaſonings of his new friend; and from thenceforth never opened his lips, but in the language of the new philoſophy.

Our hero had been ſeveral days in Paris, before the object of his miſſion once occurred to his recollection. At length the money which he had received from his friend for travelling expenſes being exhauſted, the bag of gold, which was concealed in his portmanteau, preſented itſelf to his thoughts. Why ſhould he not ſupply himſelf from thence? How ſhould he know whether the proprietor was dead or alive? Perhaps the guillo-

time had ere now put an end to his exiſtence. Were that, indeed, happily the caſe, who could call him to account? Not the original proprietor, who had violated the laws of his country by ſending it thence. Muſt not the money, in that event, be certainly his own? This thought ſeemed to inſpire our hero's breaſt with a new degree of animation. He looked at the gold: its value appeared enhanced, and his deſire of poſſeſſing it to increaſe at every glance. It was not without difficulty that he forced himſelf from the contemplation of this tempting object; but at length having taken out twenty guineas for his immediate uſe, he reſtored the reſt to their place of concealment; reſolving, that if their owner did not ſeek them, they ſhould never ſeek their owner.

The more he conſidered the ſubject, the more fully was he convinced of the expediency of his ſilence. He was quickly perſuaded, that any inquiry concerning the

the brother of his friend might, at this time, be attended with real danger to himself. "This person was known to be an Englishman. He, through the good offices of one of the servants of the American Ambassador, who had been his fellow-apprentice, passed for an American. To have any connection with a native of England, would inevitably involve him in suspicions." Such were the reasonings of our hero; and considering that this was the very height of the reign of terror, they may, perhaps, be thought sufficiently cogent. It is, however, a little remarkable, that the same reasonings never occurred to prevent him from forming an acquaintance with any other person of his own country, except this unfortunate gentleman. Of this gentleman, however, he was at length obliged unwillingly to hear. One day, when he happened to call upon his friend at the ambassador's, he received the unwelcome intelligence, that a person had

had juſt been there to inquire for him; who was very urgent to receive his addreſs: that his friend had at firſt ſcrupled to comply with the requeſt of the ſtranger, but remarking the mildneſs of his deportment, and the genteel air which not even a dreſs that beſpake the extreme of indigence could conceal, he had at length yielded his belief to the ſtory which he told of his being brother to Mr. ——, and of his expecting, from that gentleman, the remittance of a conſiderable ſum through the hands of Mr. Vallaton. Our hero uſed his beſt endeavours to conceal from his friend the chagrin which this information occaſioned, and quickly took his leave.

As he was on his return, ruminating on the method he might beſt employ to elude the reſtoration of the precious depoſit, a crowd advanced towards him, in the midſt of which he preſently diſcovered the fatal cart, which had, alas! become too familiar to the eyes of the inhabitants of Paris, and

and which was now loaded with victims for the guillotine: he ſtood aſide to obſerve them as they paſſed. Various were the expreſſions which might be read in the different countenances of theſe unhappy perſons. On ſome was depicted the meekneſs of reſignation; on others, the ſullenneſs of deſpair.

A youth of about ſeventeen or eighteen years of age, whoſe air of manly fortitude expreſſed maturity of virtue, appeared to exert his utmoſt efforts to comfort and ſupport an aged mother, whoſe enfeebled mind was loſt in the horrors that ſurrounded her. A young woman, who was placed in the moſt conſpicuous part of the machine, ſtill more forcibly attracted the notice of the ſpectators. A gleam of ſatisfaction illumined each fine feature of her beautiful countenance; and as ſhe turned her lovely eyes to heaven, they appeared animated with the ſweet enthuſiaſm of hope and joy.

This young lady was the laſt remains of an

an honourable and happy family; ſhe had, in the beginning of the reign of terror, ſeen her father, mother, and brother, periſh on the ſcaffold; and laſt of all, a lover, to whom from childhood her heart had been united, was doomed to the ſame fate. After the death of this beloved youth, ſhe ſeldom ſpake, but to repeat the French tranſlation of the lines of our Engliſh poet,*

"*This* is the deſart, *this* the ſolitude;
"How populous, how vital is the grave!"

Which words having been overheard by the reporter of the commune, ſhe was accuſed of inciviſm, denounced, and ſent to the guillotine.

The perſon who imparted theſe circumſtances to our hero, ſeemed willing to favour him with an equal degree of information concerning the reſt of the unhappy groupe; but he was too much occupied by his own thoughts to liſten to ſuch unintereſting details, and haſtily ſtepped on.

* Young.

"What

"What a charming contrivance is this guillotine!" ſaid he to himſelf, as he went along. "How effectually does it ſtop the mouths of troubleſome people. Would that this good-for-nothing old man had made ſuch a deſirable exit! And why ſhould he not? Of what utility is his life to ſociety? Why ſhould he deprive me of theſe ſeven hundred guineas? Does not the philoſophy, I now profeſs, teach that there is no ſuch thing as right? From thence the inference is plain, that the gold ought in juſtice to be diſpoſed of in the way that will be moſt conducive to the general intereſts of ſociety. If I give to this fooliſh old man the ſix hundred and fifty guineas which are now left, what will be the conſequence? Will he not claim the remainder; and aſperſe my character, if I refuſe to comply with his demand? And would not this be to deprive me of my utility? Thus it is evident, that one of us muſt inevitably be deſtroyed; and

ſurely,

ſurely, of the two, it is fitting that the one moſt uſeleſs to ſociety ſhould ſuffer.

" My promiſe has been paſſed to his brother. True; but in the interval, betwixt the promiſe and my fulfilling it, a greater and a nobler purpoſe offers itſelf, and calls, with an imperious voice, for my co-operation.* Which ought I to prefer? That, ſurely, which beſt deſerves my preference. A promiſe, ſays my friend Myope, can make no alteration in the caſe. Ought I not to be guided by the intrinſic merit of the objects, and not by any external and foreign conſideration? And what merit has this old man to boaſt? It is ſaid, that he has paſſed an innocent and inoffenſive life; but innocence is not virtue. It is great paſſions that beſpeak great powers, and great powers are but another expreſſion for great energies, and in great energies the whole of virtue is compriſed;

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. i.

I, then,

I, then, am a more virtuous, and conſequently a more uſeful, individual than this perſon; therefore it is I whoſe utility ought not to be interrupted."

In this manner did Vallaton continue to reaſon with himſelf, till every doubt vaniſhed, and hope and confidence once more took poſſeſſion of his mind.

The greedineſs with which denunciations were at this time received by that tribunal, whoſe decrees were written in blood, and the ſlender evidence that was neceſſary for the conviction of the accuſed, were circumſtances well calculated to facilitate the ſucceſs of that plan which had ſuggeſted itſelf to the mind of our hero. He hurried home, and ſhutting himſelf up in his chamber, ſoon ſcrawled over ſuch a letter as he thought beſt ſuited to the important ſervice for which he intended it. This letter, which was addreſſed to the owner of the ſeven hundred guineas, bore a fictitious ſignature, but purported to be from an intimate correſpondent;

correſpondent; and was written as if in anſwer to one which had communicated the plan of an intended aſſaſſination of ſome of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and treated the gentleman as head of the conſpiracy.

No ſooner had our hero finiſhed this epiſtle, than he went in ſearch of the perſon to whom it was addreſſed.

Having, at length, with ſome difficulty, found out the obſcure and ſhabby habitation at which he lodged, he was told by the owner, (whoſe poverty would not permit her to maintain a ſervant) that the good citizen he inquired for was not then within, but that ſhe expected him every minute.

Vallaton's eye flaſhed with the triumph of ſucceſs: he begged leave to wait the return of his friend, to which the good woman of the houſe readily conſented, and uſhered him into the dirty and half-furniſhed chamber, which ſhe called *the apartment of Monſieur*.

" You

"You are an Engliſhman, I preſume," ſaid the woman, while ſhe reached him a chair, "and, *apparemment*, you bring ſome good news for Monſieur? Alas! he has been ſo often diſappointed! And after the ſtraits to which he has been reduced, diſappointment ſits ſo hard! And what is the hardeſt matter of all is, his having a fortune of his own too, though he has been ſo many months without having the value of a ſingle ſous. But, *qu' importe?* Monſieur is ſo good and ſo amiable, that he ſhall ſhare a bit of bread with me and my children, as long as we have a morſel to eat." Here a knock at the door gave notice of Monſieur's return. The woman flew to open it, and our hero, rejoicing in her abſence, dexterouſly depoſited the feigned letter beneath the cover of an old broken ſopha, which ſtood in a corner of the room.

The gentleman entered, and Vallaton announced himſelf as the friend of his brother.

brother. An emotion of pleaſure ſeemed to re-animate the old man's pallid countenance. He ſaluted his viſitor with the moſt cordial ſatisfaction, liſtened to his apology for not having waited on him ſooner with complacency, and heard of the ſafety of the ſeven hundred guineas with delight. Vallaton then preſented him with a letter from his brother, the peruſal of which brought tears (though not ſuch bitter ones as he had of late been accuſtomed to ſhed) down his furrowed cheek; and again, and again, he repeated his fervent thanks to GOD for the happy period that was thus put to his diſtreſſes.

Having appointed the day after the following for returning with the money, Vallaton took his leave, loaded with the gentleman's thanks for his goodneſs in taking ſo much trouble.

In the evening he again ſallied forth, and directing his ſteps to the office of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he threw into it

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an anonymous billet, notifying, that "a conſpiracy, of which **** ****, a lodger in the houſe of a female citizen in Le Rue ****, was the contriver and the head, had come to the knowledge of a *bon patriot*, who deſired that a thorough ſearch might be made in the apartment of the conſpirator for further information." He retreated unobſerved, and took the neareſt road to his own lodgings.

Never, till this moment, did the legs of Vallaton ſhake under their maſter's weight. He attempted to tread firm, but in vain, his knees bent under him at every ſtep; and a certain flutter of ſpirits, which he had never before experienced in the ſame extent, ſeemed alternately to accelerate and to arreſt the motion of his heart.

Aſhamed of his weakneſs, he retired to his chamber, to avoid the obſervation of his fellow-lodgers: he there recalled to his recollection every dogma of the philoſophy that was moſt eminently calculated

to

to re-aſſure his mind. What he had juſt done would, it was true, probably be the means of making an old man loſe his head. What then? he was but the paſſive inſtrument: no more to blame than the guillotine which ſhould behead him. His actions had, of neceſſity, followed their motives. And to whom was he accountable? There was no God to whoſe all-ſeeing eye the ſecrets of his heart were open; no judge to condemn; no hell to puniſh; no ſtate beyond the grave, where retribution could poſſibly await him.

While the idea of death and judgment glanced along his mind, a cold ſweat broke upon his forehead; he found it was not by meditation, that his agitated ſpirits were to be reſtored to compoſure; and haſtily leaving his apartment, he ſought in wine and revelry to forget the events of the day.

The morning came on which he was, by appointment, to wait on Mr. **** with

with his money; but ſome hours before it would have been neceſſary to have attended him, he read, in *Le Journal de Paris*, of his having been arreſted as a conſpirator. Not all the energies of our hero were ſufficient to quell the anxiety which, for ſome days after this event, continued to haunt his mind. It was not long, however, till doubt was was loſt in certainty. As he was one morning of the following week haſtily walking along the *Pont Neuf*, without knowing where he intended to proceed, his ears were ſtunned by the vociferous pronunciation of that name, which he had of late ſo aſſiduouſly laboured to baniſh from his thoughts. Scarcely knowing what he did, he ſuffered the hawker, who was bellowing it, to put a paper into his hands; it was the liſt of thoſe who had on that morning expired on the guillotine; and the firſt upon this liſt was the unfortunate old gentleman, who was there termed *the organizer*

of a bloody and atrocious conſpiracy againſt the guardians of liberty!

The paper dropt from our hero's hand. "This morning!" ſaid he to himſelf, "this very morning! But what have I to ſay to it? I am but a machine in the hand of fate. Nothing but what has happened, could have happened. Every thing that is, muſt inevitably be; and the cauſes of this old man's death were generated in the eternity that preceded his birth. What then have I to ſay to it?" Abſorbed in theſe reflections our hero returned home.

He found Mr. Myope and the Goddeſs of Reaſon, and two gentlemen, who were their gueſts, ſitting down to dinner. 'O gemini!' exclaimed the Goddeſs of Reaſon, 'how pale Mr. Vallaton is! he look for all de world as if he had ſeen a ghoſt.'

"Do I?" ſaid Vallaton, with a forced ſmile; "I have indeed been haunted with a violent head-ache all the morning.

ing, and have, beſides, tired myſelf to death with walking, but a bumper of burgundy will recover me;" ſo ſaying, he filled a bumper to the lady's health, and ſo frequently repeated the preſcription, that before the end of dinner he was completely reſtored to his complexion.

The accidental mention of a ghoſt gave to Mr. Myope an opportunity, of which he was ever willing to avail himſelf, of inveighing againſt prieſts and prieſtcraft. A momentary pauſe in his harangue permitted one of the ſtrangers to get in a word. 'I admit,' ſaid this gentleman, 'that to ſuperſtition many of the terrors which haunt the imagination and enervate the mind, may certainly be traced; but feeble would have been the powers of ſuperſtition, if they had not been armed by the ſting of guilt. What apparition did fancy ever form, or credulity ever liſten to, that did not originate in a guilty conſcience?'

"And what, pray, is this bugbear of a guilty conſcience?" retorted Myope. "What is it, I ſay, but one of the creatures of prieſtcraft? Have I not already proved that there is no ſuch thing as crime? How, then, can there be any guilt? The moſt atrocious *crime* (as it is vulgarly termed) that ever was perpetrated, amounts to no more than mere miſtake; and whoſe conſcience ever ſmote him for a miſtake? Our miſtakes ought, on reflection, to excite in our minds the emotion of pleaſure rather than of pain. Error once committed cannot be recalled; and regret, and ſorrow, and repentance, are the extremes of folly. It is this fruitleſs and childiſh waſte of time, which conduces to an habitual abuſe of our faculties; and it is this abuſe of our faculties which creates the bugbear of remorſe and conſcience, and all that nonſenſe, which prieſts know ſo well how to manage for their advantage."

'Whatever uſe may have been made of

of it,' returned the ſtranger, 'I cannot believe that that awful monitor, which Heaven has implanted in the breaſt of man, was beſtowed upon him in vain; or that, after the perpetration of any atrocious crime, it is in the power of ſophiſtry to ſilence its imperious voice. Pray, ſir, what is your opinion?' added the ſtranger, turning to Vallaton, who ſat next him.

Vallaton drank off another glaſs of wine, got up haſtily from the table, complained of increaſed indiſpoſition, and retired.

The indiſpoſition of Vallaton was not altogether feigned. He felt a ſickneſs at his heart, which he perſuaded himſelf was occaſioned by the unuſual quantity of wine which he had ſwallowed, operating on an empty ſtomach. The open air would diſſipate theſe fumes, and a walk would, by ſupper-time, reſtore his appetite: he went out. With haſty ſteps he hurried along the ſtreets without obſerving

ſerving which way he went, nor did any object attract his attention, till he found himſelf in the midſt of *La Place de Carouſel*. He there looked up; but never were the energies of a philoſopher put to ſeverer trial than thoſe Vallaton underwent, on beholding himſelf at the foot of the inſtrument of death—the blood-ſtained guillotine! He ſtarted with horror, yet had he not the power of inſtantly turning from it; he ſeemed arreſted to the ſpot; he gazed upon the ſcaffold; he fancied he there beheld the placid countenance of the meek old man ſmiling upon him, as when he preſſed his hand at parting. Again he thought he ſaw his ſilver hairs graſped by the hand of the executioner, and the blood-ſtreaming head held up to his diſtracted ſight. His knees ſmote againſt each other, a chilly coldneſs crept along his whole frame, and his emotions became ſo apparent, as to attract the notice of the paſſengers.

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An honeſt ſans-culotte came up to him. "My good citizen," ſaid he, "I would have you remember, that this is no place to indulge your melancholy. You have, probably, had ſome friend ſent to heaven by this ſhort bridge; but who, in Paris, has not? If you ſtay here till your grief be taken notice of, it may create ſome ſuſpicions of inciviſm, which may get you into a diſagreeable predicament."

Vallaton thanked his monitor, and uſing his utmoſt endeavours to recollect himſelf, returned to his home.

The inventions of prieſtcraft had never implanted a prejudice in the breaſt of Vallaton. He laughed at the terrors of ſuperſtition, and derided the folly of thoſe who could believe in the exiſtence of conſcience. Yet would he now have given, not only the bag of gold which was contained in his portmanteau, but all which the wide world could furniſh, to have been reſtored to the ſame tranquillity

quillity which, but a fortnight ago, he had enjoyed.

Whether he ſought the converſation of his friends, or mixed in the ſcenes of revelry and riot; whether he baſked in the mid-day ſun, or covered himſelf up in the darkneſs of night; ſtill the trunkleſs head of the old man purſued him. To his "*mind's eye*," in every place, in every ſituation, the haggard viſion appeared. In this frame of mind, it may be believed, that he readily acquieſced in Myope's propoſal of leaving Paris. All that happened to him from this period, is ſo interwoven with the hiſtory of Mr. Myope, that it muſt ſtill be freſh in the reader's recollection. Here, therefore, we ſhall cloſe this tedious chapter.

CHAP. X.

" Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends!
" Women, like Princes, find few real friends.
" Hence, oft from reaſon heedleſs beauty ſtrays,
" And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays;
" Hence by fond dreams of fancy oft amuſed."

LYTTLETON.

IT was a late hour before the philoſophers, aſſembled at Mr. Glib's, thought of ſeparating; and long after Mrs. Botherim's uſual time of breakfaſt on the following morning, before Bridgetina iſſued from her apartment.

They had juſt began the repaſt, which the fond mother had been at much pains to prepare, and to keep warm for her darling child, when Julia Delmond entered the parlour. The pallid countenance and languid air of their fair viſitor plainly ſpoke

ſpoke her want of reſt; and the viſible impatience with which ſhe waited for the finiſhing of the tedious meal, evidently denoted the perturbed ſtate of her ſpirits.

No ſooner had Mrs. Botherim left the room, than Julia ſeizing the hand of her friend, ſaid ſhe was extremely anxious for her opinion concerning an affair of ſome moment, but could not have that ſatisfaction without betraying the ſecrets of another, and feared it was not juſtifiable to do ſo.

"Not *juſtifiable!*" returned Bridgetina, "ſurely you cannot have forgotten, that *the facts* with which you are acquainted are a part of your poſſeſſions, and that you are as much obliged, with reſpect to them as in any other caſe, to employ them for the public good. *Have I no right to indulge in myſelf the caprice of concealing any of my affairs; and can another perſon have a right, by his caprice, to hedge up and reſtrain the path of my duty?* You may take down

down the book if you pleaſe, but I am ſure I have quoted it word for word; you know I am ſeldom wrong in a quotation."

'Well, then,' ſaid Julia, 'I ſhall tell you all. You muſt know, that laſt night Mr. Vallaton gave me his whole hiſtory.'

"How!" cried Bridgetina, "while he eſcorted you home?"

'No!' returned Julia, while a crimſon bluſh overſpread her countenance, 'not exactly as we were walking home, but afterwards. For you muſt know,' continued ſhe, bluſhing ſtill deeper than before, 'that having offended him by ſomething I ſaid at Mr. Glib's, he told me, as we were going to my father's, he plainly ſaw, that inſtead of being enlightened by the principles of the philoſophers, I was ſtill the *ſlave of prejudice*. I denied the charge, and he retorted it. At length he ſaid he would put me to the proof. If I had energy ſufficient to dare to meet him in the arbour at the bottom of the garden, after

after the family were retired to reſt, he would acknowledge his error, and adore me. I for ſome time heſitated, but at length I could not bear the thought of appearing deſpicable in his eyes by my *want of energy*. I went. Think, Bridgetina, what an interview! how extraordinary! how intereſting!'

"Ah! how charming!" exclaimed Bridgetina, heaving a deep ſigh; "ah! what a dear man Mr. Vallaton is!"

'Dear, indeed,' rejoined Julia, 'he is the moſt amiable of men, and, alas! the moſt unfortunate. Had you but heard how feelingly he deplored the myſtery that hung over his birth!'

"Good gracious," cried Bridgetina, interrupting her, "a myſtery over his birth! how delightful! how did it happen?" drawing her chair ſtill cloſer to Julia's, "Pray tell me all."

'Why you muſt know,' proceeded Julia, 'that it was on a fine ſummer's morning,

morning, in the month of July, that his dear deceaſed patroneſs (a lady of great family and fortune) being induced, by the beauty of the morning, to take a walk in the thick ſhade of a ſequeſtered grove, heard the cries of an infant, and turning her eyes, beheld a white baſket, lined with quilted pink ſatin, and a covering of white pelong, richly embroidered, thrown lightly over it. She approached; and lifting up the covering, beheld a lovely boy, who ſweetly ſmiled in her face. She immediately reſolved on taking the charming infant under her protection, and bringing him up as her own ſon. As he grew up, her affection for him, as you may eaſily imagine, increaſed; and her whole fortune would undoubtedly have been ſettled upon him, had ſhe not ſuddenly died one morning without having made a will, ſo that poor Mr. Vallaton was left without any other proviſion than two or three thouſand pounds, which

which ſhe had put into the funds for his college expenſes. Theſe circumſtances, he ſaid, unfortunate as they might appear in the eyes of vulgar minds, were to him matter of great ſatisfaction, till he ſaw me. His mind had ſufficient energy to riſe above every exiſting circumſtance, but that of hopeleſs love. It was now that he firſt deplored thoſe circumſtances of his birth and fortune, which he knew the illiberal prejudices of my father would conſider as an obſtacle—an invincible obſtacle to our union. 'Accurſed prejudices!' exclaimed he, 'what miſery do ye not create in ſociety! Why, my Julia,' he continued, in a voice *ſo* tender and *ſo* impreſſive, 'why were we not born in a more enlightened period? In that bleſt time ſo happily approaching, when the ſentiments of nature ſhall be omnipotent, when no abſurd inſtitution ſhall ſtand in the way of the happineſs of lovers, and no cruel father's ſanction be neceſſary for its completion!' O Bridgetina, had you

ſeen

ſeen how he was agitated while he pronounced theſe words, I am ſure you would have pitied him. For my ſhare, (continued Julia, while a pearly drop ſtole down her cheek) I was quite melted into compaſſion; but though I ſaid all I could to comfort him, the dear youth was ſo overwhelmed with affliction, that it made me truly wretched.'

"Happy Julia!" exclaimed Bridgetina, "how I envy you for being the object of ſuch a paſſion as that which inſpires your Vallaton! But, pray, was Vallaton the name of his adopted mother, or was it only given him by her?"

'In ſeveral parts of his infant robes,' replied Julia, 'as well as in the covering of the baſket, the initial letters A. V. were moſt beautifully embroidered, from which his patroneſs beſtowed upon him the name he at preſent bears. It is from this circumſtance, Bridgetina, that a ray of hope has darted upon my mind; and

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an idea occurred, which, though it may at firſt ſight ſeem romantic, is far from improbable, and the more I think of it, appears the more likely to be true. What would you think, if I ſhould make a diſcovery of his real parents?"

"Think!" returned Bridgetina, "I ſhould think it extremely wonderful, to be ſure."

'Well, wonderful as it is,' ſaid Julia, 'I think I have hit upon them. You know my father's friend and patron, Gen. Villars. He and his lady were for ſome years privately married, or at leaſt promiſed to each other, before they durſt acknowledge it, for fear of his father the old lord. What can be more likely than that he ſhould be their ſon?'

"Nothing, certainly, can be more probable," returned Bridgetina. "Nay, it is quite obvious; for the General's name is Andrew, which you know begins with an A; I wonder it did not occur to me

me from the first. If you take my advice, you will make your father write immediately to the General a full account of the whole affair."

"Alas!" said Julia, sighing, "my father, as Mr. Vallaton justly observes, has his prejudices. It would, perhaps, be a difficult matter to make him view the affair in the very light we do. Besides, I should rather have the pleasure of making the discovery myself. Good heavens! what ecstatic delight I shall feel in seeing the amiable Vallaton clasped in the fond arms of his venerable parents! They weeping over him tears of joy, and thanking me by their looks, a thousand times more expressive than words, for restoring to them their long-lost son. My poor father, too! how happy he will be to see me united to the son of his friend. It is too much," continued she, covering her face with both hands, "I can never deserve such a torrent of felicity.

Here the entrance of Mrs. Botherim put an end to the *tête-à-tête*, and Julia, whoſe imagination was too much heated to deſcend to the common topics of the good lady's diſcourſe, took her leave. She was no ſooner gone, than Bridgetina (who meaſured her progreſs in philoſophy by the degree of contempt which ſhe felt for the ignorance of her parent) left the room, and muttering an ejaculation upon the misfortune of being ſubjected to the ſociety of a perſon whoſe purſuits were ſo diſſimilar, retired to her own apartment.

"Happy Julia!" cried ſhe, throwing herſelf into a chair, "Happy Julia, to have ſuch a lover! Why do I not experience the ſame delightful ſenſations? Why have I not likewiſe inſpired the breaſt of ſome fond youth with a ſimilar paſſion? Is it becauſe I am not quite ſo handſome? But are not moral cauſes ſuperior to phyſical? And in philoſophy I have ſurely made a greater progreſs than

than ſhe. I am therefore a fitter object for admiration. It is true, I am not quite ſo tall—but all men do not admire maypoles; and though I have a little caſt in my eyes, and a little twiſt in my left ſhoulder, theſe defects are no moral obſtacles to love. Nothing but the unjuſt prejudices of an unnatural ſtate of civilization could make Julia loved in preference to me. But Henry Sydney loves her not. Happy thought! Henry, the beloved object of my ſoul's tenderneſs, may not be inſenſible to thoſe ſoft effuſions of a tender ſenſibility which he ſhall find to flow from my heart; and inceſſantly ſhall I—" Here the ſoliloquy of the loving maiden was interrupted by the maid-ſervant, who came to inform her that Mr. Sydney and his ſon were in the parlour. She inſtantly went to the glaſs, to adjuſt her morning cap; and now firſt felt the mortifying conſequences of the diſaſter of the preceding evening. To appear

before Henry Sydney without the flowing braid and frizzled curls, was diſtreſſing; but to remain in her chamber while ſhe knew he was below, was more ſo; ſhe, therefore, only ſtaid to pin an additional bow to the bright pink ribbon that bound her cap, and then, in the ſlow ſtep which ſhe thought beſt ſuited to the expreſſion of extreme ſenſibility, ſhe moved towards the parlour.

She was met at the door by young Sydney, who, with eaſy and unaffected good-nature, expreſſed his pleaſure at ſeeing her, and his hopes that ſhe had enjoyed her health during his abſence.

"I thank you, ſir," ſhe replied, with a ſigh; "the intereſt you are ſo good as to take in my health, ſhould certainly make it precious to me."

'I hope, indeed,' ſaid Mr. Sydney, 'that my ſon will never be ſo baſely intereſted, as not to rejoice in the health of his friends, notwithſtanding his profeſſion.'

"His

"His profeſſion, ſir," ſaid Bridgetina, "is a noble one; and I dare ſay will, by Dr. Sydney, be directed to the nobleſt purpoſes. When mankind are ſufficiently enlightened to cure all diſeaſes by the exertion of their energies, I doubt not, that deſpiſing what he may in point of fortune ſuffer from it, he will have ſufficient philanthropy to rejoice in ſuch a ſublime proof of the perfectibility of his ſpecies."

A queſtion which had been put to the old gentleman by Mrs. Botherim, relative to the culture of ſome of her garden-ſtuff, prevented his hearing the latter part of this obſervation; which, however, attracted the notice of his ſon, who was well enough verſed in the language of the new philoſophy, to know at leaſt from whom ſhe now quoted.

He would have anſwered her in her own ſtyle, but recollecting how unpleaſant, as well as unprofitable, it is to enter

ter into an argument with one poſſeſſed of a ſhallow underſtanding, and a mind totally occupied by two or three ideas, on which the changes are eternally to be rung, he only obſerved, that he found Miſs Botherim had not miſ-ſpent her time in his abſence.

"I hope, ſir," ſaid ſhe, in as ſoft a tone as the natural ſhrillneſs of her voice would permit, "that that time which has appeared ſo inſupportably tedious to your friends, has been ſpent agreeably by you."

Henry only bowed.

"I know not how it happens," reſumed Bridgetina, "ſeeing that moral cauſes are always ſuperior to phyſical ones; I ſay I know not how it happens, that the pain of ſeparation appears to be always more ſeverely felt by our ſex than by yours. It is more than probable, that ſince you left your native village, no painful ſenſation, excited by the tender recol-

lection

lection of the friends you left behind you has ever diſturbed your boſom's peace. Ah! how different have been the feelings of thoſe friends!"

Henry, who inſtantly ſuſpected that the ſecret of his attachment to Harriet Orwell, which he, till then, imagined confined to his own breaſt, had been diſcovered by Miſs Botherim, coloured, and with an impreſſive accent, but faltering voice, ſaid, 'he was much indebted to the friends, who in his abſence had ſo kindly remembered him.'

Joy diffuſed itſelf through the boſom of Bridgetina. In the looks, in the words of Henry, ſhe diſcovered the tender ſenſibility of his ſoul; and exulting in the idea that ſhe too had a lover, ſhe reſolved to return his paſſion with tenfold tenderneſs, and caſt upon him a glance which ſhe hoped would have been ſufficiently expreſſive of her ſentiments. But, alas! the unfortunate ſquint rendered the charitable

rtable deſign abortive. Henry, following, as he thought, the direction of her eyes, caſt his towards the door, which was at that moment opened by a little dirty-looking urchin, kept by Mrs. Botherim to attend her cow upon the common.

"Here be miſs's wig," cried he in a loud voice, "the boy be come with it as picked it out o' the kennel; what a ſluſh o' wet it is!" holding up the diſhonoured treſſes of the enraged Bridgetina, who, puſhing the little wretch from the door, entered into a warm expoſtulation with her mother on keeping ſo unenlightened a domeſtic.

Mr. Sydney and his ſon, not wiſhing to take any part in the altercation, took their leave; and left the mother and daughter to ſettle the diſpute by themſelves.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

HAD the inclination of Henry been conſulted, the firſt viſit which had been paid that morning, would have been to the rectory; but as his father propoſed calling firſt on Mrs. Botherim, whoſe houſe lay directly in their way, he could not with any propriety object to it.

The words that had fallen from Bridgetina added fuel to his impatience. That he had ſome intereſt in the heart of Harriet Orwell, he fondly flattered himſelf: but that ſhe ſhould make a confidante of Miſs Botherim, of one who poſſeſſed a mind ſo uncongenial, in every way ſo unlike her own, was equally irreconcilable with

with her extreme delicacy and good ſenſe. Yet how otherwiſe could he interpret the ſpeech of Miſs. Botherim?

While the mind of Sydney was occupied with theſe reflections, his father, who had ſtood for ſome moments contemplating the beauty of a tree in full bloſſom, was expatiating on the charms of nature; and as the aſſociation of his ideas led "from Nature up to Nature's God," was making obſervations on the ſtriking proofs of the divine benevolence with which we are every where ſurrounded; a benevolence which, he obſerved, makes the beauteous cradle of the embryo fruit a feaſt no leſs delightful to the eye, than the fruit itſelf is to the palate. Happily this was a ſubject which never failed to elevate the heart of this good old gentleman in a degree that totally engroſſed every faculty, otherwiſe he could not but have obſerved, how much the monoſyllable

anſwers

anſwers of his ſon indicated the total abſence of his mind.

As they approached the door his agitation increaſed, and it is probable would no longer have eſcaped the notice of his father, had not the old gentleman's attention been attracted to another object. A moth-butterfly, of rare and uncommon beauty, happened to alight on a neighbouring honey-ſuckle; and to diſcover whether it was the **** **** of Linnæus, or the **** **** of Buffon, was a matter of too great importance, in Mr. Sydney's eſtimation, not to deſerve the moſt ſerious attention. While he went in purſuit of the butterfly, his ſon, attracted by a beauty of a different kind, haſtily advanced to the ſaloon, where he knew the family of Dr. Orwell uſually ſpent the mornings.

It was now paſt twelve o'clock. Already had the active and judicious Harriet performed every domeſtic taſk, and having

having completely regulated the family œconomy for the day, was quietly ſeated at her work with her aunt and ſiſter, liſtening to Hume's Hiſtory of England, as it was read to them by a little orphan girl ſhe had herſelf inſtructed.

Here ſome notable houſewife, who may, peradventure, chance to ſit long enough at a time to catch the laſt paragraph as it is read by ſome of her family, will probably exclaim, "a few hours' attention regulate a family indeed! a pretty ſtory, truly! what nonſenſe theſe *men authors* ſpeak! but how, indeed, ſhould they know any thing of the matter? I wiſh any of them ſaw how I am employed from morning till night. I wonder how I ſhould get time to liſten to books?" Softly, good lady, and for once take the trouble to calculate. Be ſo good as fairly to ſet down, at the end of every day, the time employed in repeating directions imperfectly given, or in revoking

revoking those that were given improperly; the time wasted in again looking at that which you have looked at before; the time thrown away in peeping into corners, without object or end in view; time mis-spent in perplexing your domestics with contradictory orders; and the time abused in scolding them;—and casting up the sum total, please to consider the amount; and then candidly confess, whether Miss Orwell, whose enlightened intellect, and calm and steady judgment, deprived her of all those admirable methods of evincing her notability, might not have time sufficient for the cultivation of her understanding, and the fulfilment of every social as well as every domestic duty. But to return—

The surprise occasioned by the unexpected appearance of Henry was announced by a general exclamation. Unaffected pleasure sparkled in every eye; and if those of Harriet beamed with a

superior

ſuperior expreſſion of delight, that delight was ſo regulated by the tranſcendant delicacy of her mind, that it required a delicacy ſimilar to her own to read its full extent. Dr. Orwell, who had heard the name of Henry from his ſtudy, quickly joined the friendly groupe, and with heart-felt pleaſure welcomed the return of his young favourite. He inquired for his father: at that moment the old gentleman entered with a joyful countenance, holding out his pocket-handkerchief in which the captive butterfly was ſafely lodged. Nor let this circumſtance excite the contempt of any peeviſh critic, till after a mature inveſtigation of the intrinſic value of his own favourite purſuits, of every object which engages his attention, and every care which diſturbs his reſt, he can lay his hand upon his heart and ſay, that all are in the eye of reaſon more truly eſtimable,

Happy in themſelves and in each other,

the

the time ſlipt ſo imperceptibly away with this little party, that though their converſation was not *relieved* by one word of ſcandal, nor enlivened by any of the news of the village, the clock announced the hour of dinner before they thought of ſeparating: nor would they have done ſo then, but for the ſake of Miſs Sydney, who was at home alone.

The old gentleman, whoſe temper made every thing eaſy to him, would ſoon have been prevailed upon to accept of Dr. Orwell's cordial invitation, but Henry, who knew the diſappointment it would give his ſiſter, and was too juſt and too generous to inflict a moment's pain on another for the ſake of his own gratification, was peremptory in his refuſal. On going thro' the garden, which afforded a nearer way to the houſe of Mr. Sydney, Dr. Orwell pointed out to his friends ſome improvements he had lately planned. "And all this," ſays he, "ſhould have been done this ſummer,

ſummer, but for the folly of my daughter Harriet, who has ſuch a ſtrange fancy for that good-for-nothing buſh," (pointing to a moſs-roſe tree, which grew in the middle of a ſmall plat) "that I was ſilly enough, at her intreaties, to put it off till another ſeaſon."

No chromatic air ever raiſed ſuch ſoft emotions in the breaſt of any Grecian youth, as thoſe words of Dr. Orwell's excited in the heart of Henry. That roſe-tree, he had, ſome time previous to his laſt departure for college, planted with his own hands. The charge of rearing it he had given to Harriet, and the pretence of ſeeing how it throve had given occaſion for many a delightful *'tête-à-tête.'* His eyes now met hers—need we tell the reader they were both ſufficiently expreſſive?

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

" When I ſee ſuch games
" Play'd by the creatures of a Power, who ſwears
" That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
" To a ſharp reck'ning, that has liv'd in vain;
" And when I weigh this ſeeming wiſdom well,
" And prove it, in th' infallible reſult,
" So hollow and ſo falſe—I feel my heart
" Diſſolve in pity."

COWPER.

WHILE the daughter of Dr. Orwell was enjoying the happineſs with which the return of Henry Sydney had inſpired her breaſt, a happineſs rendered doubly dear by the approving ſmiles of her reſpected parent; emotions of a leſs placid nature agitated the fair boſom of her ſiſter beauty. In the breaſt of Julia Delmond all was turbulence and perturbation.

bation. While following the courſe of an unreined imagination, ſhe experienced that deluding ſpecies of delight, which rather intoxicates than exhilarates, and which, by its inebriating quality, gives to the ſanguine votary of fancy a diſreliſh for the common enjoyments of life; the eagerneſs with which her mind graſped at the idea of an extraordinary ecſtatic felicity, agitated her whole frame, and deprived her of peace and reſt. Still ſhe purſued the flattering dream of fancy, and kept her mind's eye ſo fixt upon its airy viſions, that ſhe at length believed in their reality, and what appeared at firſt the mere ſuggeſtion of imagination, ſeemed in the ſequel the certain dictates of truth.

That in General Villers Mr. Vallaton ſhould find a father, at firſt ſeemed barely poſſible; then probable; then more than probable; it was next to certainty, or rather *certainty itſelf.*

All

All that now remained was to find means for effecting the diſcovery in a manner the moſt ſtriking and pathetic. For this purpoſe ſhe called to her remembrance all the ſimilar events in her moſt favourite novels; in theſe inſtructive books the diſcovery of the hero's parents had always appeared to her a cataſtrophe particularly intereſting, and the idea that ſhe ſhould now have it in her power, not only to witneſs, but to be a principal actor in ſo tender a ſcene, filled her heart with ecſtacy. After much deliberation, ſhe at length fixed upon a moſt delightful plan for introducing Vallaton to the houſe of his long-loſt parents; but as part of it depended on the indulgence of her father, ſhe found it neceſſary immediately to procure his conſent to its execution.

In order to conceal the agitated ſtate of her mind, ſhe had, on pretence of indiſpoſition, abſented herſelf from breakfaſt,

and begged to be excuſed from her uſual attendance in her father's chamber; nor did ſhe now approach it with that cheerful alacrity which had hitherto led her ſteps to his door.

Inſtead of lightly tripping, in her uſual manner, to make the fond inquiry after his health, ſhe now ſtole through the paſſage as if afraid of being ſeen; and on opening his door was ſeized with ſuch a palpitation and embarraſſment, that he had twice demanded who was there, before ſhe muſtered ſufficient courage to advance towards the couch on which he lay. For the firſt time in her life ſhe now feared to meet the ſcrutinizing eyes of her father, for, for the firſt time in her life, ſhe had ſomething to conceal. The ſhame of being ſuſpected to be the dupe of prejudice had prompted her aſſent to the clandeſtine meeting with Vallaton; to that ſhame ſhe had ſacrificed her feelings of propriety, and now felt a

conſciouſneſs

conſciouſneſs of deſerved blame, which not all the applauſes beſtowed upon her conduct by her enlightened preceptor could palliate or remove.

While Vallaton ſpoke, his arguments appeared irrefutable, and the light in which he placed the prejudices of her father, made them ſufficiently contemptible in her eyes; but the inſtant ſhe found herſelf in her father's preſence, a mingled ſentiment of affection and reſpect took poſſeſſion of her mind; the high ſentiments of honour he had ſo carefully inculcated, recovered their influence in her breaſt; and the ſhame of having ſwerved from them, by encouraging the clandeſtine addreſſes of the philoſopher, overwhelmed her with mortification and diſquiet.

It is now time to introduce the father of Julia to the reader's acquaintance, for which purpoſe we hope the following ſketch of his life will not be deemed an impertinent digreſſion.

HISTORY

HISTORY OF
CAPTAIN DELMOND.

CAPTAIN DELMOND was the ſon of an officer of diſtinguiſhed merit, who loſt his life in the field of battle, leaving to his only child the inheritance of his ſword, his honour, and his valour. The young man was then in his ſeventeenth year, an enſign in his father's regiment. The ſame ball which tore in pieces the body of the gallant father, ſtruck the ſtandard from the hands of the no leſs gallant ſon; who, ſtarting from the ground, bravely recovered the colours as they were about to be taken poſſeſſion of by a party of the enemy.

The ſpirited behaviour of young Delmond upon this occaſion happened, fortunately for him, to be mentioned at the table of a certain General, in the very moment when the ſucceſsful efforts of his cook, in dreſſing a turbot of uncommon excellence,

excellence, had extorted his warmeſt approbation. The praiſe of the turbot and of the enſign were repeated alternately; and it was, perhaps, owing to the happy aſſociation of ideas thus produced, that the memory of the noble General, which, upon ſuch occaſions, was very apt to be imperfect, now ſerved him ſo well, that he remembered young Delmond in the next promotion. He was by this circumſtance raiſed to the rank of lieutenant.

The two nations then at war, having at length ſacrificed ſuch a quantity of human blood, and expended ſuch a portion of treaſure, as was deemed ſufficient for the amuſement of the governing powers on either ſide, thought proper to make a peace; and after a few preliminaries, in which the original cauſe of diſpute was not once mentioned, and things were put as nearly as poſſible into the ſame ſtate in which they were at the commencement of hoſtilities, its ratification was formally announced.

The

The wretched remains of thoſe numerous armies which in the beginning of the conteſt had marched forth, elate with health and vigour, were now returned to their reſpective countries; ſome to languiſh out their lives in hoſpitals, in the agony of wounds that were pronounced incurable; ſome to a wretched dependance on the bounty of their families, or the alms of ſtrangers; and the few whoſe good fortune it was to eſcape unhurt, according to the ſeniority of their regiments, either diſbanded to ſpread habits of idleneſs and profligacy among their fellow-citizens, or ſent into country quarters to be fattened for fields of future glory.

The regiment to which young Delmond belonged, was diſpoſed of in the laſt-mentioned way. It was ordered into the north of England; and the diviſion of it to which he was attached, quartered at a ſmall village in a very remote ſituation, and above ten miles diſtant from the reſt of his military aſſociates.

As

As it was a fine ſporting country, the diverſions of hunting and ſhooting afforded for ſome time ſufficient employment to his active mind; but the winter ſetting in earlier than uſual, and with uncommon ſeverity, he was not only deprived of theſe ſources of amuſement, but by the badneſs of the roads cut off from all communication with his brother officers, whoſe ſociety he had hitherto occaſionally enjoyed.

In this dilemma he had recourſe to reading, and ſoon diſcovered that books were really capable of affording ſome degree of entertainment. The pleaſure which reſulted from this diſcovery daily increaſed, and he ſoon found it little inferior to that which is derived from any of the methods uſually employed by the modern ſons of Mars to murder that worſt of enemies, Time. If it loſt in compariſon with the lounge at the milliner's ſhop, it was, at leaſt, fully as amuſing as *looking over the bridge*, that never-failing reſource for every va-

cant

cant hour; and though leſs exhilarating than drinking, gambling, or intriguing, it was, perhaps, as good for the fortune, and ſafe for the conſtitution, as any of theſe approved methods of killing time. The important diſcovery made by this young ſoldier, we ſhould here ſtrenuouſly recommend to the ſerious attention of thoſe whom it particularly concerns; did we not apprehend, that to recommend books, through the medium of a book, to thoſe who never look into one, would not probably be attended with any great effect. From the example of many great divines and moraliſts, we might, indeed, infer that this ought to be no obſtacle; but as the advancement of our own character for ſuperior wiſdom in the eyes of our own adherents, is not the object at which we aim, we ſhall reſerve our inſtructions for thoſe whom they may have a chance of reaching.

The place of young Delmond's reſidence, in the village to which we conducted

ducted him, was at an old manor-houſe, now occupied by the farmer who rented the adjoining lands. The family to whom the eſtate devolved, had on the death of the late poſſeſſor removed from the houſe all the valuable pieces of furniture, leaving to the preſent tenant ſuch articles of lumber as they did not deem worthy of removal; of this deſcription was an old bookcaſe with its contents.

Doomed to duſt and obſcurity, here lay mouldering many ponderous volumes of romances, which had, in the days of their glory, afforded ample amuſement to the fair readers of former times; and the works of many free-thinking philoſophers, whoſe labours alarmed the pious zeal of our fathers, but whoſe names are now forgotten, or only known to thoſe who make it their laudable employment to preſent to the world, under new titles, what they have pilfered from their contents. Of theſe, it may be conjectured, that

that the romances firſt engaged the attention of the young ſoldier. Happily his taſte had not as yet been ſufficiently formed to the more perſpicacious ſtyle of modern writers to render him faſtidious. The ſtories were of a nature calculated to excite an intereſt in his breaſt. The ſentiments of honour were congenial to thoſe he had been early taught to entertain; and the wonderful inſtances of fortitude, conſtancy, and valour, diſplayed in the lives of thoſe illuſtrious heroes, excited his moſt ardent admiration. With unwearied patience he laboured through every huge folio in this collection, and was not a little mortified at the concluſion of the Grand Cyrus, to find that not one new adventure remained to excite or gratify his curioſity.

The ground was ſtill covered with ſnow, and the inclement ſkies continued to pour forth their vengeance on the world. What could he do? To read over again the books, which had afforded

him ſo much pleaſure, was, indeed, an obvious reſource; but like other young people, he had too great a thirſt for novelty tó reliſh any ſtory as well a ſecond time as firſt. From the works of the philoſophers he had been deterred by the profeſſions of regard to religion, with which, in compliance to the prejudices of the times, ſome of theſe old authors had thought proper to commence their eſſays, and which produced in his mind a very proper degree of contempt. Religion he had heard his father talk of as a very proper thing for the common people, who, not having the advantages of military diſcipline, required a parſon with ſome notion of hell, inſtead of a cat-of-nine-tails, to keep them in awe, but was quite beneath the notice of a gentleman. From this conſideration Mr. Delmond would probably have for ever remained in ignorance of the treaſure in his poſſeſſion, had it not been for an accident which preſented to his view, in

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the middle of a volume, a delicious piece of ridicule on the bible. The wit and pleaſantry of this paſſage, which has indeed raiſed the reputation of every ſucceeding author by whom it has either been ſtolen or borrowed, highly delighted the young ſoldier, and ſo effectually excited his curioſity with regard to the reſt of the books, that in leſs than a fortnight he was in complete poſſeſſion of all that ever has been, and probably all that ever will be, ſaid againſt the Chriſtian faith.

Great and manifold were the advantages reſulting to Mr. Delmond from this circumſtance. Beſides ſtrengthening his contempt for the weak votaries of religion, it furniſhed him with weapons for attacking their belief. Early taught to claſs all profeſſors of piety into two diviſions, viz. fools and hypocrites, he exulted in the ſuperior information which made him look down with pity on the one, and regard the other with a becoming degree of deteſtation.

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We do not think it neceſſary to follow the young gentleman through all the towns and villages in which, for the four enſuing years, he was ſucceſſively quartered.

At the end of that period, being then on garriſon duty in the weſt of England, he happened to accompany a brother officer to his father's ſeat, where he received a preſſing invitation to ſpend a few weeks of the ſummer.

Among other viſitors at S— hall, was the ſiſter of the lady of the houſe, and with her a niece, the heireſs of her fortune, and the intended bride of Captain S—, who, on the very firſt interview, appeared charmed with the dazzling prize his parents had ſo kindly provided for him.

The young lady was indeed, what ſhe was univerſally eſteemed, a complete *beauty*; her features formed a model of the moſt perfect ſymmetry; a ſymmetry, which ſeemed never to have been diſcompoſed by any impulſive emotions of

joy

joy or grief, pain or pleaſure. She even appeared (for we will not take upon us to pronounce that it was really ſo) to be totally unconſcious of her own ſuperior charms, and was quite free from that affectation and conceit, which is the portion of ſo many beauties.

That ſuch a charming creature ſhould attract the notice of the gentlemen, will not appear at all ſurpriſing; but that ſhe ſhould eſcape the envy of the ladies may, perhaps, be deemed ſomewhat more extraordinary. Yet ſo it was. She was univerſally cried up by them as a *ſweet girl*—the *ſweeteſt* girl in the world! and as to beauty, ſhe was declared to be *quite a picture*.

Captain S— ſoon found the latter part of the encomium to be more literally true than he could have wiſhed.

The young lady received him without ſcruple as the huſband choſen for her by her aunt; but how far her own heart acquieſced in her guardian's choice, it was utterly

utterly impoſſible for him to conjecture. She was at all times equally ſweet, and equally ſilent. She received every mark of his attention with the moſt enchanting ſmile; but ſmiled juſt as enchantingly when he forbore to take any notice of her. Fatigued with her inſipidity, he was not ill pleaſed at the opportunity of emancipating himſelf from an attendance which he found inſupportably irkſome, and willingly agreed to make one of a grouſe-ſhooting party, who were to be abſent for two or three weeks. Delmond, who was prevented by a ſprained ancle from accompanying his friend, at his deſire remained to take care of the ladies in his abſence.

Whether the young lady was piqued at the neglect her lover manifeſted in thus leaving her, or whether the ſuperior perſonal attractions of his friend had really made an impreſſion on her heart, we cannot abſolutely determine. She, indeed, found means to convince Delmond of the

latter part of the position; but as a cold and sullen pride is generally found to be the sole animating principle in the race of insensibles, we are rather inclined to believe the former. However it was, her preference for Delmond, whether real or feigned, made such an impression on his heart, that he easily persuaded himself his *honour* was concerned in protecting so much worth and beauty from the cruelty of a forced marriage. The fair nymph sweetly accepted his proffered services, and the very night before the expected return of her lover, set out under the conduct of her new champion on a hymeneal excursion to Gretna-Green.

Though the heart of Capt. S. received no very deep wound from the loss of his mistress, the imperious voice of honour demanded that it should be revenged. The honour of Delmond was no less forward to give satisfaction to his friend for the supposed injury; three days after his return

return to head-quarters, they met by appointment, and after mutual ſalutations, and declarations of perfect good-will, took aim at each other's heart, and fired their piſtols. The firſt ſhot miſſed, but the ſecond was more ſucceſsful; it took effect on each; and each, after receiving his adverſary's ball, declared that he was *ſatisfied*. The ſeconds interpoſed, and pronounced that nothing could be more *gentleman*-like than their whole behaviour.

Neither of the wounds proved mortal, though both were painful in the extreme, and very tedious in their cure. The long confinement was attended with very unpleaſant conſequences to Delmond, whoſe finances were ſo much exhauſted by his Gretna-Green expedition, that he was under the neceſſity of borrowing a conſiderable ſum of money from a brother officer. The friends of his bride remained inexorable; nor would her aunt ever be prevailed on to ſee her, or to grant the leaſt pecuniary aſſiſtance.

The regiment was now ordered to Gibraltar; and during the ten years that it remained there, Mr. Delmond on the ſcanty income of a lieutenant contrived, by the exertion of rigid economy, to ſupport his wife and family. His fortune remained ſtationary, but his family received the yearly addition of a fine thriving child. Happily, the poor things, by dint of bad management, bad nurſing, improper food, the meaſles, and the ſmall-pox, were one by one ſent to heaven, ſo that Mr. Delmond and his wife returned to England without incumbrance.

Here they had not long remained, when Mr. Delmond had the offer of a company in a corps then about to embark for the coaſt of Africa. The climate was unhealthy, the ſeaſon was unpropitious; but as he had no friend that could command a vote at a borough election, it was the only offer of promotion he was ever likely to experience; it could not, therefore, be rejected.

The

The knowing reader, when he calls to mind the beauty of Mrs. Delmond, will think, from many reſpectable examples, that a ſubaltern, poſſeſſed of ſo handſome a wife, need not to have been at a loſs for the road to preferment. It would ſeem, however, that ſuch a path never preſented itſelf to the mind of Delmond; whoſe ſole care was to place his wife in ſuch a ſituation during his abſence, as might be at once ſafe, private, and reſpectable. His ſolicitude upon this head was ſoon terminated by the friendſhip of a very worthy man, who had formerly been quarter-maſter in the regiment, and had, at the time it was ordered to Gibraltar, retired to the cultivation of the farm which his father-in-law had formerly occupied.

The wife of this reſpectable farmer, who in ſoundneſs of judgment and goodneſs of heart greatly reſembled her huſband, joyfully received Mrs. Delmond into her houſe, and took unwearied pains to render her ſituation there agreeable.

How

How far her endeavours to pleaſe were ſucceſsful, ſhe never had from Mrs. Delmond the ſatisfaction to learn. That ſweet woman went to the place appointed by her huſband without gain-ſaying, but without one word expreſſive of approbation or content.

When the hour of his departure arrived, ſhe behaved with a philoſophy that would have done honour to any ſage of the ſtoic ſchool; and as ſoon as he rode from the door, quietly betook herſelf to the embroidery of a work-bag. Mrs. Hurford, who knew from experience what it was to endure the ſharp pang of ſeparation, thought it prudent to ſuffer the firſt unconquerable emotion to get vent in ſolitude. A conſiderable time elapſed before ſhe could bring herſelf to intrude upon the ſorrows of her gueſt. At length, her heart overflowing with compaſſionate tenderneſs, ſhe ventured into her apartment. Mrs. Delmond look-

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ed up from her work, and ſeeing the tears ready to ſtart from the eyes of her hoſteſs, inquired if any thing was the matter?

" Nothing, madam," replied Mrs. Hurford, ſtruck with ſuch an uncommon inſtance of fortitude, " I only came to ſee whether it would be agreeable to you to walk in the garden, but I perceive you are engaged."

' Yes,' replied Mrs. Delmond, ' you know how I have been hindered all the morning, and I was ſet upon having this tulip done to-night; does it not look very natural?'

Mrs. Hurford ſaid ſhe was no judge of ſuch work, and left the room with feelings of compaſſion not altogether ſo tender as thoſe which had filled her breaſt on entering it.

Under this peaceful roof the fair eyes of Julia firſt opened on the world; and to the judicious management of its miſtreſs was ſhe indebted for the health and happineſs

pineſs of her infancy. The good couple under whoſe auſpices ſhe was reared, experienced for her all the tenderneſs of the fondeſt parents. As they were confeſſedly ſtrangers to all ſyſtems of education, the learned reader will undoubtedly ſuppoſe that the child muſt infallibly be loſt; but though they knew nothing of any ſyſtem, they had a ſufficiency of that, which, ſeldom as it enters into the compoſition of any of them, can amply ſupply the place of all—ſound common ſenſe. This principle ſupplied the uſe of volumes: it faſhioned the clothes, regulated the diet, and even dictated the amuſements, of the little Julia. The ſportiveneſs of infancy was unchecked by the harſh reſtraints which render a town-nurſery a houſe of bondage. The love of novelty, that ſource of happineſs and inſtruction to the infant breaſt, was here gratified, not by the deſtruction of coſtly toys, but by the ſublime and ever-changing ſcenes of nature.

ture. Inſtead of tedious and unimpreſſive leſſons upon the beauty of truth and virtue, while, as it often happens, every action of the ſpeaker is a libel on the ſpeech, ſhe ſaw truth and virtue exemplified in the actions of thoſe around her. She was never cheated into obedience, nor had ſhe the ſeeds of deceit and cunning ſown in her mind by promiſes or threatenings never meant to be performed.

The natural indolence of Mrs. Delmond led her very readily to reſign the trouble attending the management of her little charge; ſhe was nevertheleſs mortified at finding herſelf the only object of the child's indifference. Mrs. Hurford, perceiving her reſentment, wiſely obviated its conſequences, by contriving to make her the medium through which every gift was to be diſpenſed, and every little treat beſtowed; thus was all jealouſy on the part of the mother effectually prevented, and the little heart of the

daughter

daughter inſpired with a proper degree of gratitude and affection.

The intereſt which Mrs. Hurford took in the happineſs of her little favourite, inſpired her with an idea, which, as it turned out, was eſſentially conducive to her future fortune. She no ſooner mentioned the ſcheme to her huſband, which was indeed the moment it was thought on, than it had his warm approbation. Without hinting at the object they had in view, they aſked Mrs. Delmond's conſent to carry the little Julia with them on a viſit to a relation, who reſided at a certain village at the diſtance of twenty miles; the name of the place they did not mention to Mrs. Delmond; it was the reſidence of her aunt; and to this lady it was the deſign of Mrs. Hurford to introduce her lovely charge.

The deſign ſucceeded to her wiſh. The old lady, who lived on terms of great intimacy with Mrs. Hurford's friend, was attracted by the beauty, and charmed with the

the ſprightlineſs and good temper of her little viſitor. The name of Julia, which belonged to herſelf, ſtill more endeared her. She queſtioned her concerning her age.

"She was as old as the little Brindle, and pa Hurford ſays, that Brindle will be ſix years old next graſs."

'Had ſhe any other papa beſides pa Hurford?"

"O yes! but poor papa was far, far away!"

'And mamma?'

"Own mamma lived with t'other mamma, at Ruſhmead."

'And what was mamma's name?'

"Own mamma was mamma Delmond."

The old lady was equally ſhocked and affected by this diſcovery. The vow ſhe had made never to ſee her niece, was not to be broken: but it extended not to her offspring; and from this time to the day of her deceaſe, ſhe at her own deſire received an annual viſit from her grand-niece.

Julia had nearly reached her tenth year, before ſhe had the happineſs of beholding her father; he then returned. But how returned? No longer that blooming and handſome figure, whoſe manly beauty attracted univerſal admiration. Bent down by diſeaſe, pale, infirm, and emaciated; the vigour of health, the life of life was gone. The only ſurviving victim of the ungenial climate, where,

"'Mid each dank ſteam the reeking marſh exhales,
"Contagious vapours and volcanic gales,"

his gallant companions were doomed to meet the poiſoned ſhafts of death. He, it is true, returned to his country—but returned to linger out a life of pain, and to experience the protracted ſufferings of premature old age.

The reader, we hope, is well convinced, that under a wiſe and uncorrupt government the advantages to be thus purchaſed at the expence of ſo many uſeful and valuable lives, muſt be far from problematical.

tical or uncertain. If the ſaid reader enjoys, or is likely to enjoy, a ſnug ſinecure from the government of a fortreſs in theſe regions of peſtilence, or has a proſpect of pocketing any of the various emoluments ariſing from contracting for the ſame, we need ſay nothing to convince him of its utility, and ſhall therefore proceed in our narrative.

With an agitation of joy, almoſt too powerful for his enfeebled frame to ſupport, Captain Delmond embraced his wife and daughter. With the latter he was truly charmed; ſhe was more than his moſt ſanguine hopes had painted, or his fond heart had dared to wiſh. To her he reſolved to dedicate the remainder of his life, and to ſpare no pains on her inſtruction and improvement.

In the once beautiful face of Mrs. Delmond time had produced an alteration no leſs conſpicuous than that which climate and diſeaſe had wrought upon the perſon

of

of her husband. To beauties of Mrs. Delmond's description Time is, indeed, a most formidable foe. Where no spark of animation supplies the place of youth's bewitching! but alas! transient glow; where, when the roses die and the lilies fade, no trait of *mind*, no vivid expression of sensibility shoots along the desolated waste, every wrinkle is triumphant, and the conquest over beauty is complete. The alteration thus effected in the countenance of Mrs. Delmond, though apparent to the eye, reached not the heart of her faithful husband. His attachment to her was not, it is true, either sentimental or sublime; it was, nevertheless, cordial and sincere. As an helpless object depending on his protection, he had been accustomed to cherish her. As *his own*, he had considered her with that regard which self-love attaches to property; and even the very sufferings she had occasioned him, were, perhaps, an additional motive of his affection. Ha-

bit made him experience uneaſineſs from the want of her preſence, (*ſociety* we can ſcarcely term it) and that delight with which the human mind returns to thoſe deep-worn channels, where it has long been accuſtomed to flow, made him experience in this re-union emotions of the moſt lively joy.

As for Mrs. Delmond, the meeting and the parting kiſs were given by her with the ſame frigid compoſure. Without any alteration in the tone of her voice, or in one muſcle of her countenance, ſhe ſaid 'ſhe was *glad* to ſee him.' And as we never heard of her being addicted to falſehood, we are bound to believe her.

Captain Delmond having, through the intereſt of General Villers, obtained leave to retire upon half-pay, took a ſmall houſe in a village near that gentleman's ſeat, and with the prudence of which he was always maſter, regulated his economy in exact conformity to his circumſtances.

The

The mind of Julia, which had been ſuffered to expand in the freedom of the country, was now eager for inſtruction. It was perhaps no leſs adapted to receive it, than if it had gone through the regular courſe of emulation, jealouſy, envy, and hatred, which ſo regularly ſucceed each other in the breaſt of a boarding-ſchool miſs. She received the leſſons of her father with delight, and ſoon became miſtreſs of all he thought neceſſary for her to learn. Her temper, which had never been ſpoiled by the alternate application of indiſcreet indulgence and unneceſſary ſeverity, was open, ardent, and affectionate. To every ſpecies of cunning and deceit ſhe was quite a ſtranger. The happineſs which glowed in her own boſom, ſhe wiſhed to communicate to every thing around her.

The cheering influence of her light and buoyant ſpirits penetrated the breaſt of her father. It ſoothed his pains, re-animated his ſpirits, and gave a charm to his other-

wiſe

wiſe miſerable exiſtence. He regarded his Julia as a being of a ſuperior order. Her capacity he thought almoſt ſupernatural. The inferiority of the female underſtanding he had hitherto conſidered incontrovertible, and had treated every attempt at the cultivation of the mental powers of that ſex with the moſt ſovereign contempt. But his Julia was an exception to the general rule: an underſtanding ſo capacious as hers ought to have every advantage. He, therefore, encouraged her inſatiable appetite for knowledge with a free command of all the books which either the private collections of his friends or the circulating library could furniſh. He laid no reſtraint upon her choice, for from the pains he took to form her taſte, and from the opinion he entertained of the amazing maturity of her judgment, he was convinced ſhe would of her own accord chooſe only what was proper.

Had a due allowance for the power of imagination in young minds entered into Captain Delmond's calculation, he would perhaps have been leſs ſanguine. In fact, though Julia read with pleaſure books of philoſophy, hiſtory, and travels to her father, ſhe found a pleaſure ſtill more poignant in devouring the pages of a novel or romance in her own apartment. Her feelings were alive to all the joys and all the ſorrows of the heroes and heroines, whoſe adventures ſhe had the delight of peruſing. The agitation they excited was ſo animated, ſo intoxicating, that ſhe felt a void in her breaſt when not under the influence of ſtrong emotions. In vain did her reaſon revolt at the abſurdities which abounded in theſe motley tales; in the kindling paſſions of her youthful boſom they found a never-failing incentive to their peruſal.

Imagination, wild and ungoverned imagination, reigned paramount in her breaſt. The inveſtigation of truth had no longer

any

any charm. Sentiment uſurped the place of judgment, and the mind, inſtead of deducing inferences from facts, was now ſolely occupied in the invention of extravagant and chimerical ſituations. In theſe, to do her juſtice, the moſt noble and heroic virtues were uniformly diſplayed. Of the immenſe fortunes of which ſhe was the ideal miſtreſs, ſhe reſerved to herſelf but a very ſlender ſhare. All the poor of the country were in one moment enriched by her bounty, all were made happy by her power. Tender and faithful lovers were releaſed from unheard-of miſeries, and put in poſſeſſion of the moſt exquiſite felicity. Her father, quite cured of his gout, was the lord of an immenſe domain, whoſe various beauties fancy painted in more lively colours than the pencil of Raphael was ever dipt in. In ſhort, Julia was an adept in the art of caſtle-building.

With the education of her daughter Mrs. Delmond never preſumed to inter-

ſere. She had, before her father's return, indeed, taken the trouble to teach her her ſampler, and had beſides endeavoured to initiate her into the myſteries of croſs-ſtitch, chain-ſtitch, and gobble-ſtitch, the laſt of which only ſeemed to ſuit the genius of the little romp, who did not much reliſh the confinement neceſſary for theſe employments. As to mental improvement, Mrs. Delmond wiſely judged it to be altogether out of her ſphere; nor was it with any view to produce ſuch an effect, that ſhe taught her to get by heart the ſame portion of the church catechiſm, and the ſame number of pſalms from Sternhold and Hopkins, as ſhe herſelf had learned; all of which ſhe took care that Julia ſhould regularly repeat every Sunday evening at the ſame hour and in the ſame manner which ſhe herſelf had done when at the ſame age. To poor Julia the ſabbath was indeed a day of bondage and diſmay. Happy was

ſhe

ſhe when it was over, and nothing more was to be got by heart for a week to come.

Indeed all the religious duties of Mrs. Delmond were very properly confined to that day which is appointed by the church for their eſpecial performance; every Sunday ſhe very regularly went to church, as her aunt had done before her. And there ſhe was ſo far from miſſing any part of the ſervice, that ſhe very audibly repeated the whole of it, abſolution and all, after the clergyman, to the great edification of thoſe who had the happineſs of ſitting in the ſame pew. By this means ſhe obtained the appellation of a mighty devout good-ſort-of lady from all the neighbours; nor did ſhe at all diſpleaſe her huſband by the practice of this devotion. But though Captain Delmond thought it proper to encourage this weakneſs in his wife, he wiſhed the mind of his daughter to ſoar above the vulgar prejudice.

Virtue,

Virtue, he told her, required no incentive to its performance, but its own innate loveliness. The doctrine of rewards and punishments was only adapted to weak and slavish minds. Honour, he said, was the inspiring motive of the great and noble. As to the notion of revelation, it was involved in absurdities which all truly-enlightened men treated with a proper degree of contempt; it was only the tool of knaves and priests, which they made use of to excite the reverence of fools, the more easily to impose upon them.

The beauty and the peace of virtue Julia found enshrined in her own breast; but had that breast ever been taught to glow with devotional sentiment, to expand in grateful adoration of Divine beneficence, and to wrap itself in the delightful contemplation of a future state of felicity, fairer colours would probably have marked its future destiny!

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As the heart of Julia was not altogether inſenſible to vanity, ſhe was exceedingly pleaſed to find herſelf ſo much wiſer than the reſt of the world. Thus prepared, it is not ſurpriſing that ſhe was charmed with the tenets of the new philoſophers, which taught her that denying revelation is but one ſtep towards that ſtate of perfection to which the human mind is ſo ſpeedily advancing. Her introduction to the philoſophers, and all that happened ſubſequent to that event, the reader has already been made acquainted with. It is high time the fair petitioner, whom we left at the door of her father's chamber, ſhould now ſpeak for herſelf, which ſhe ſhall have an opportunity of doing in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

" Hence to the realms of night, dire demon, hence!
" Thy chain of adamant can bind
" That little world, the human mind,
" And fetter its ethereal powers in impotence.
ROGERS.

CAPTAIN Delmond's ſpirits, ſunk by a reſtleſs and painful night, revived at the ſight of his lovely daughter; he kiſſed her with even more than uſual tenderneſs, and anxiouſly inquired concerning the indiſpoſition which had ſo long detained her from him. She ſaid, her head had ached violently, which ſhe attributed to the want of exerciſe, and had no doubt that a little air would entirely remove it.

" And why, my darling, do you confine yourſelf ſo much; I ſhall inſiſt hereafter upon

upon your going out regularly every day. The air of this apartment is injurious to you, and my dear girl muſt not be allowed to ſuffer from her too great kindneſs to her old father."

The open and ſuſceptible heart of Julia, hitherto a ſtranger to every ſpecies of artifice and concealment, felt this tenderneſs as a reproach too poignant to be borne. Her eyes filled with tears. She dared not truſt her voice, but with an air of the moſt emphatic gratitude and affection ſhe kiſſed the hand which had fondly taken hold of hers.

At length the importance of the projected enterprize ruſhed upon her recollection; when ſtifling her emotion, and aſſuming an air of cheerfulneſs, ſhe ſaid ſhe had been thinking that a ride into the country would be of ſervice to her. She had long promiſed a viſit to Caſtle-Villers, and with her father's permiſſion thought ſhe might now accompliſh it.

"Certainly,

"Certainly, my love, as ſoon as ever you pleaſe: you ſhall yourſelf write a note to Mrs. Villers to inform her of your intention, and ſhe will, I make no doubt, ſend the carriage to fetch you."

'I was thinking,' replied Julia, heſitatingly, 'I was thinking whether I could not go without giving her that trouble. You remember Dr. Orwell's gig. I am ſure he would be ſo good as to let me have it for a day, and I would not wiſh to ſtay longer.'

"But you cannot go alone in the gig, my dear?"

'Oh no, I—I would get ſome one to drive me.'

"If Dr. Orwell goes himſelf, and I know he ſometimes viſits there, I ſhall have no objection. He is a very reſpectable man, and I believe the worthieſt man of his profeſſion. He, I make no doubt, will take proper care of you. Go then, my dear, and make the requeſt yourſelf, a walk

walk will do you good; and I shall not suffer you to read to me this morning, it would not be proper for you after being so much indispoſed; ſo God bleſs you, my child—good-bye."

Half defeated in her purpoſe, though not quite diſcomfited, Julia left her father's room without having ſuffered the name of Vallaton to paſs her lips. She could not prevail upon herſelf to encounter the prejudices of her father, and this timidity led her to practiſe a deceit, which, though contrary to her feelings and repugnant to her judgment, ſhe hoped the plea of neceſſity would ſufficiently excuſe.

The admirers of amiable weakneſs, who conſider the virtues of fortitude and courage as inimical to every charm of the female character, reflect not how impoſſible it is for the mind that is deprived of their ſupport, firmly to tread the "onward path" of ſincerity; nor how often the timid and irreſolute will be prompted by their

their fears "*to take diſſimulation's winding way.*" Fortitude and courage, are, however, only the companions of undeviating rectitude. They had hitherto been conſtant inhabitants in the gentle breaſt of Julia; whoſe ſoft and winning manners clearly evinced that thoſe virtues, maſculine as they are generally deemed, are far from being incompatible with modeſty and gentleneſs. In once having permitted herſelf to tread the path of error, ſhort as were the ſteps ſhe had as yet taken, ſhe found ſhe had already loſt the firm ſupporters of her mind; and to extricate herſelf ſhe had recourſe to their unworthy ſubſtitutes, art and concealment.

In her father's name ſhe wrote a note to Dr. Orwell to requeſt the gig for the following day, and deſiring the anſwer to be delivered into her own hands, and ſtrictly charging the meſſenger to ſay nothing of where he had been, to either of her parents, ſhe took the road to Mr. Glib's.

Mr.

Mr. Vallaton, who did not expect to ſee her till the evening, was charmed at a circumſtance, which he did not fail to interpret to his own advantage. And ſtill more was he delighted, when ſhe informed him that ſhe had come on purpoſe to requeſt a favour of him.

"A favour of me, Julia! impoſſible. You know not how exquiſitely it would delight me to oblige you. I hope it is ſomething that may require the exertion of all my energies, that you may ſee what power you have over me."

"It is only to drive me a few miles in a gig. I wiſh to call at Caſtle-Villers to-morrow; and thought perhaps you would have no objection to accompany me. The General is very hoſpitable, and will be happy to receive any friend of my father's; for as ſuch I mean to introduce you. You do not know," continued ſhe with an enchanting ſmile, "what good may ariſe from this introduction."

Vallaton

'Vallaton was profuſe in his acknowledgments, which Julia interrupted by ſaying ſhe had ſtill another requeſt to make, which ſhe hoped he would have as little heſitation in complying with.

"Can my lovely Julia fear that any requeſt of hers ſhould meet with a refuſal? Impoſſible. Let her but name her wiſh and were it to pluck her kerchief from the horned moon, it ſhould be done."

'I greatly wiſh, then,' replied Julia, 'nay, I would give the world to ſee the embroidered covering of the baſket which formed your infant cradle. Have you it with you?'

"No, I believe not; it is not with me at preſent."

'Nor any of your infant robes?'

"No, I—I unfortunately left them in the care of a very particular friend in town."

'How unlucky! indeed, indeed you ought

ought never to go any where without them. Are they not the bleſſed inſtruments by which the ſtrange myſtery of your birth will moſt undoubtedly be developed. I muſt chide you for truſting ſo precious a depoſit in any hands but your own. You can, however, write for them, and your friend may ſend them to you by the mail coach.'

Vallaton, who could hardly ſuppreſs a ſmile at the earneſtneſs with which Julia made this unforeſeen requeſt, took from it a hint, which effectually relieved his preſent embarraſſment. He promiſed to write to his friend by that night's poſt; and doubted not, but that in a few days he ſhould receive the credentials of his noble birth in ſafety. It is probable that his mind's eye at that moment caſt a retroſpective glance to the cellar of St. Giles's, where his firſt blanket, whoſe embroidery was certainly of no Tyrian dye, after having done its duty as a mop,

and

and gone through the proceſs of decompoſition on a dung-hill, had probably long ſince lent its aid to enrich its native ſoil. How much ſoever Mr. Vallaton's patriotiſm might lead him to glory in the certainty of his firſt rags having been thus uſeful to his country, his modeſty prevented his aſſuming any merit upon this head; and Julia, whoſe memory furniſhed her with a thouſand ſimilar examples, was quite ſatisfied that the little embroidered veſtments, he had ſo particularly deſcribed, would lead to the happy diſcovery her ardent imagination had ſo fully planned.

Mr. Vallaton, willing to change a ſubject which was rather becoming too intereſting, inquired whether the excurſion to Caſtle-Villers was with her father's knowledge.

'O yes,' replied Julia, 'my dear papa is always ſo indulgent that he never objects to any thing that will give

me pleaſure; unleſs fears for my ſafety, or doubts concerning propriety, ſhould ſuggeſt the objection.'

"Propriety! in what vocabulary of prejudice did you pick up that offenſive word? What can be improper that does not rebel againſt the great commands of nature? It is theſe worldlings, 'gorged with miſanthropy,' who have by this term *propriety* forged the moſt galling fetters for the amiable period of youth. Would that my Julia were ſuperior to the ignoble bondage!"

'Indeed, indeed now, Mr. Vallaton, you do my father wrong. He never wiſhes to ſubject my mind but to the bondage of reaſon. If you knew his affection for me, and how good to me he has always been, you would not wonder that I ſhould love him.'

"And pray tell me from whence does his affection for you proceed? If it appears, that the circumſtance of being his

daughter has any influence upon your father's mind, ſuch a weak and foolish prejudice is more deſerving of your contempt than veneration."

'Your argument is, indeed, very forcible; I know not how to anſwer it; but ſtill I cannot ſo far conquer that prejudice which I have hitherto conſidered as virtuous, and which makes me feel it improper too ſtrictly to ſcan the imperfections of a parent. If I were dependent on his bounty, I ſhould perhaps be leſs ſcrupulous; but ſince, thro' my aunt's partial affection, I have come to the command of an independent fortune, I feel as if it were not only ungrateful but ungenerous to examine the motives of an affection, for which I confeſs (and do not hate me for the confeſſion) it is my moſt anxious wiſh to make a ſuitable return.'

"And pray what has this old gentleman done for you?"

"Done!

" Done! how can you aſk the queſtion? Did he not, during the period of my infancy, and even before he had ever ſeen me, part with more than half his income for mine and my mother's ſupport? Was it not for our ſakes that he endured the horrors of that deteſted climate; ſacrificed his eaſe, his health, his comfort? And then on his return, what tender affection! what unremitting care! to procure for me the accompliſhments which he himſelf could not teach, and to enable me to make an appearance equal to my companions of larger fortune, how often have he and my mother denied themſelves every little comfort to which they had been habituated? Oh! how happy am I now in having it in my power to reſtore to them theſe innocent enjoyments, to make their old age as eaſy and as comfortable as that period of life will admit! Till your arguments convinced me that there could not poſſibly be a

God, I could hardly refrain from the ſuperſtitious perſuaſion, that a ſort of Providence had interpoſed to ſend me this legacy at the very time when, by the loſs of the ſmall penſion which my father, in addition to his half-pay, had hitherto enjoyed, it became almoſt impoſſible to ſupport his family, and keep up the rank in life he had been accuſtomed to maintain. In giving up this fortune to his diſpoſal, I experienced the ſweeteſt pleaſure of my life!'

"And have you actually given it up to his diſpoſal?" cried Vallaton, with great earneſtneſs, and in a tone fully expreſſive of the virtuous horror he felt at ſuch a flagitious proof of the deſtructive vice of gratitude.

'No,' rejoined the fair philoſopher, 'my father would not accept the gift. He ſaid he would do no more than act as my ſteward. It was evidently the intention of my aunt, that I ſhould be independent

dependent before the period affixed by law, and he would not fruſtrate her intentions. He ſaid, he ſurely had no cauſe to be leſs confident in my prudence than ſhe had! And by ſaying ſo he doubly bound me to give myſelf up to his direction in every article of my conduct.'

"Dear enchanting enthuſiaſt!" cried Vallaton, ſomewhat recovered from his alarm. "The falſe view in which things appear to your underſtanding is truly to be regretted. And ſo you are indebted to this gentleman, becauſe, forſooth, *in the hateful ſpirit of monopoly, he choſe by deſpotic and artificial means to engroſs a pretty woman to himſelf*; and even in abſence unjuſtly to prevent his neighbour from enjoying a good which he could not himſelf continue to poſſeſs; for was not this the true motive of his care of your mother? As for you, whatever he beſtowed previous to his knowledge of your real worth, was a glaring proof of the

moſt odious ſelfiſhneſs. Was it not becauſe he believed himſelf your father, that he thus provided for you? In what a contemptible light does philoſophy teach us to view this prejudice? *I ought to prefer no human being to another, becauſe that being is my father, my wife, or my ſon, but becauſe for reaſons which equally appeal to all underſtandings, that being is entitled to preference. In a ſtate of equality, it will be a queſtion of no importance to know who is the parent of each individual child. It is ariſtocracy, ſelf-love, and family pride, that teach us to ſet a value upon it at preſent.** And for this offſpring of ariſtocratic prejudice, this ſelfiſh affection which your father had for you becauſe you were *his*, and not the offſpring of ſome other man, haply more worthy than himſelf, he is entitled to your duty and your gratitude! Miſtaken Julia! I wiſh you would exert the ener-

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. ii.

gies

gies of your mind, to conquer prejudices ſo unworthy of your underſtanding."

Poor Julia had not now one word to ſay in her own defence. Abaſhed at the conviction of her filial weakneſs, ſhe caſt her lovely eyes upon the ground. The enlightened philoſopher tenderly ſeized her hand, and changing his voice to the ſoft tone of ſupplication, entreated ſhe would pardon him for his zeal in the cauſe of truth. He wiſhed to remove every obſtacle to *perfectibility* in one ſo near perfection: ſhe had but to conquer a few of thoſe remaining prejudices to reach the goal. "By this fair hand I ſwear," ſaid he, preſſing it to his lips, "that all I ſay proceeds from the ſtrength and diſintereſtneſs of my affection." The entrance of the Goddeſs of Reaſon, Mr. Myope, and Mr. Glib, prevented her reply. She ſoon took her leave, and her heart palpitating with various contending emotions, returned to her father's houſe.

CHAP. XIV.

" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud have ſtain'd your mind,
" Or ſaint to hear, or angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of her burning throne,
Where aye ſhe ſits, with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd;
A bright ſun claſps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims. Her awful voice I hear,
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

IN the perſonification of the virtues, Sincerity ought certainly to be delineated as the moſt vindictive of the whole groupe. Inflexible in her decrees, and jealous of her authority, ſhe hedges round her white domain with ſo many thorns, that it is impoſſible to depart from it for a ſingle moment with impunity. In endeavouring to effect his eſcape, the poor fugitive gets ſo entangled, that ſhould he even

even ſucceed in avoiding the diſgrace of detection, he cannot avoid the ſtings of ſhame and diſhonour, which, if he have any feeling, will pierce him to the quick.

Alarmed leſt the anſwer of Dr. Orwell ſhould by miſtake have been delivered to her father, Julia's firſt care was to ſeek the meſſenger it was ſent by. He was not yet returned. Indeed the boy thought he never could have a better opportunity of taking his own time. The injunctions laid upon him by his young miſtreſs to conceal his errand from her father, made him quickly ſenſible that ſhe was in his power. Why ſhould he not indulge himſelf in a game at marbles? If he ſtaid ever ſo long ſhe durſt not inform on him for her own ſake. And if Miſs told a lie, by ſaying ſhe ſent him any where elſe, why ſhould he not tell her another? Could he pretend to be better than Miſs?

Vexed at his delay, and trembling leſt it ſhould occaſion a diſcovery, Julia be-

gan

gan to feel the thorns which ſtrewed the path on which ſhe had ſo lately entered. The boy at length arrived, and brought with him a polite anſwer from Dr. Orwell, who willingly granted her requeſt. She haſtily put the note in her pocket, and then went to the parlour, where ſhe found Mrs. Gubbles, ſenior, ſitting with her father and mother.

"Well, my love," ſaid Capt. Delmond, "what ſays Dr. Orwell to your requeſt? Did you find all the family at home?"

'Dr. Orwell is kind enough to let me have the gig, whenever I pleaſe, and deſires his compliments to you and my mamma.'

'And pray,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond, 'did you ſee Mrs. Goodwin? I wonder ſhe did not give you the recipe for the elder wine which I ſent to beg of her this morning. She told Nanny ſhe would write it out for me before dinner. Did not ſhe mention it to you?

'No,' replied Julia, 'I—I did not ſee Mrs. Goodwin.'

"Aye,

" Aye, but I warrant," cried Mrs. Gubbles, with an arch ſmile, " I warrant Miſs ſaw ſomebody better worth looking at. There was young Mr. Sydney juſt come home from the colleges; I ſaw him with his father a going to the parſonage juſt before Miſs went out; one would be aſtoniſhed to ſee what a great, tall, proper man he is grown. Good lack! it was but yeſterday, as I think, ſince he was quite a little baby; and now to be ſure he is one of the moſt handſomeſt and moſt genteeleſt young men I ever ſeed in my life. Don't you think ſo, Miſs?"

' I don't know, I did not ſee him.'

" Not ſee him! well that is the moſt extraordinary thing as ever I knew. He could not poſſibly come back without my ſeeing him. You know I am quite in the way, and notices every body as goes by; not a foot on the ſtreet, I warrant you, but I knows on. There is that heathenish ſet as come to Mr. Glib's, who are all (heaven preſerve us!) ſaid to be no

better

better than ſo many atheiſts; I ſeed them go by this morning; there they are, all living at rack and manger. A good hot ſupper laſt night, and a fine dinner to-day. I wonder what will come on it at laſt! A pretty thing, truly, for folks in their way to entertain at ſuch a rate! If it was only their own neighbours and towns-folks, it would be a different thing; but to be throwing away their ſubſtance upon authors and ſuch ſcum, it is a ſhame to hear of it!"

"I ſhould ſuppoſe, ma'am," ſaid Julia, with ſome warmth, "that Mr. Glib knows his own affairs beſt: I believe the party you allude to, are very reſpectable people, and do Mr. Glib great honour by their viſit."

"It may be ſo, Miſs. They may be very reſpectable people, to be ſure, for aught I know; though I don't think it's the moſt reſpectable thing in the world, for people to be ſneaking about the

ſtreets

ſtreets all night that have no honeſt calling to take them out of their warm beds."

"Do the people at Mr. Glib's keep ſuch late hours?" inquired Capt. Delmond.

"I dont know for all of 'em," replied the loquacious Mrs. Gubbles, "but betwixt four and five this morning, as my huſband was going to Mrs. Dunſtan's, (who, as I was telling you, as Miſs there came in, has got a fine thumping boy) he paſſed that there tall one juſt at your garden-gate, I don't know his name, but there he was a perambulating through the ſtreet; and I leave you to judge, whether at that late hour it was likely he had been building churches?"

In the loud laugh to which Mrs. Gubbles was excited by her own *wit*, Julia felt no inclination to join. The conſequences of Vallaton's having been ſeen in his retreat from the arbour, filled her with terror and diſmay. To conceal the inquietude of her mind, ſhe made a

a pretence

a pretence for quitting the room, and did not return till the viſitor was gone, and dinner put upon the table.

In places far removed from the great and crowded theatre of the metropolis, the ſcenes of life (if we may be permitted to carry on the hacknied alluſion) come ſo near the eye, that every little wheel and pulley becomes viſible to the audience. The actors are there indeed ſo few, and ſo ſeldom do any incidents occur in the rural drama of ſufficient importance to excite a general intereſt, that if the good people in a country town were not to find a ſubſtitute for more important articles of intelligence in the minutiæ of family tranſactions, they muſt either be condemned to ſilence, or laid under the dreadful neceſſity of cultivating internal reſources. No ſuch miſerable alternative awaits the happier inhabitant of the metropolis. There day unto day furniſhes an everlaſting fund for talk, and the inſatiable

ſatiable thirſt for news is gratified by ſuch a ſucceſſion of great events, that though petty ſcandal may ſerve as a reliſh, it is by no means an abſolute neceſſary of life. In the country, where the appetite for news is not a whit leſs voracious, it is obliged to put up with a more limited bill of fare: the minuteſt action of every neighbour is there, indeed, very liberally ſerved up, while conjectures on its cauſe and its conſequences ſerve as ſauce to the entertainment.

The valetudinary ſtate of Captain Delmond's health, which deprived him of thoſe reſources for killing time to which he had formerly been accuſtomed, made him glad to fill the vacuum by any piece of intelligence that offered: even a viſit from Mrs. Gubbles was on this account acceptable, as no one poſſeſſed more information concerning the ſtate of affairs in the village and its neighbourhood than that good lady. Wherever ſhe went, ſhe generally

generally left heads of diſcourſe to occupy the remainder of the day; ſo it appeared likely to be at preſent. The birth of Maſter Dunſtan, the fortune he was likely to inherit, the age of his mother, and the queſtion of who was moſt likely to be aſked to ſtand godfather upon the important occaſion, having been all ſucceſſively diſcuſſed; the return of Henry Sydney came next under conſideration.

Had Julia heard nothing of him at the parſonage?

It was very extraordinary. Who did ſhe ſee there? Julia, at a loſs for a reply, heſitated, and then ſaid ſhe had only ſeen Dr. Orwell.

"Were you in the ſaloon?"

'No.'

"Oh! then the matter is plain enough; the ladies wiſhed to have the gentleman all to themſelves, and ſo the Doctor did not invite you to go in? Ay, ay, let the parſon alone. He did not chooſe to trou-

ble his daughters with a female viſitor, when he knew they were more agreeably engaged.”

‘ Indeed, ſir, Dr. Orwell was to-day, as he always is, very kind and polite. I am ſure he and his daughters are equally above every little jealouſy.’

“ Well, well, it may be ſo; but who are thoſe people at Glib’s? You ſpoke to Mrs. Gubbles as if you had known ſomething of them.”

‘ I believe it is Mr. Myope, the great author, and his lady; I have met them at Mrs. Botherim’s: they are very genteel, well-informed people.’

“ And the tall young man who was ſeen lurking about the ſtreets at that unſeaſonable hour; what is he?”

‘ I don’t know indeed,’ replied Julia, looking at the ſame time out of the window, ‘ I can’t tell who Mrs. Gubbles meant.’

“ Some idle fellow of an author too,

I ſuppoſe," rejoined her father, "one who I dare ſay would be very properly employed in carrying a muſket. Really, my dear, I am ſomewhat afraid that Mrs. Botherim is not quite difficult enough in regard to the choice of her gueſts. Authors and theſe ſort of people may be very good in their way, but they are by no means proper acquaintances for my Julia."

"But, my dear ſir, ought we not to pay ſome reſpect to talents and genius, even though deſtitute of fortune?"

"Fortune!—I deſpiſe fortune as much as any man; but will talents and genius make a gentleman? And are not all the authors who have talents and genius known to be democrats in their hearts. Talk not to me of ſuch people, my dear, they ought to be the dread and deteſtation of every loyal ſubject."

This was a theme on which Julia was ever fearful of entering. She knew her father's

father's prejudices to be unconquerable. It was this circumſtance which had hitherto prevented her from bringing him acquainted with Vallaton, whoſe patriotiſm ſo pure, ſo diſintereſted, ſo enlightened, muſt be ſhocked at ſentiments ſo oppoſite to his own! Even ſhould his reſpect for her impoſe upon him a ſilence repugnant to his generous principles of hazarding all for truth, he could not fail to be wounded at the expreſſions which, if the ſubject of politics was ſtarted, would infallibly drop from her father's tongue. She had, therefore, moſt carefully concealed her knowledge of him from Captain Delmond, who, ſhe well knew, would on his part be equally ſhocked at the enlightened ſyſtem of her new preceptor.

This concealment ſhe at firſt imagined would have been a very eaſy matter; but ſhe ſoon experienced the torment which, in a generous mind, attends the leaſt at-

tempt at diſingenuity. The entrance of Henry Sydney and his ſiſter relieved her preſent embarraſſment. The latter came to requeſt the favour of Miſs Delmond's company to a rural feaſt in the hay-field, to which the Captain, who conſidered the ſymptoms of indiſpoſition he had lately remarked in his daughter to originate in too much confinement, readily acquieſced; and Julia, who now for the firſt time of her life was happy in any excuſe that could relieve her from the burthen of her father's preſence, haſtily prepared herſelf to attend her amiable friend.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

"Where the ſenſe of the ſpeech is but ill underſtood,
"We are bound to ſuppoſe it uncommonly good."

SIMKIN'S Letters.

IT is now time to return to Miſs Botherim, whom we left very properly rebuking her mother for the fault committed by her domeſtics. In reply to a very long and very learned exhortation, which had, however, nearly exhauſted the good lady's patience, "I tell you, Biddy," ſaid Mrs. Botherim, "that though coming into the parlour, and ſpeaking of your wig before the gentlemen was not his buſineſs, to be ſure, yet he is a very good boy for all that. He takes ſuch care of the cow, and is ſo kind to all the dumb creatures, that he muſt be good."

'Good!'

'Good!' repeated Bridgetina with great indignation, 'It appears, madam, that you know very little of the nature of goodneſs. What is goodneſs but virtue? *Conſidered as a perſonal quality, it conſiſts in the diſpoſition of the mind, and may be defined a deſire to promote the benefit of intelligent beings in general, the quantity of virtue being as the quantity of deſire. Now deſire is another name for preference, or a perception of the excellence, real or ſuppoſed, of any object; and what perception of excellence can a being ſo unenlightened poſſibly poſſeſs?*'

"You know very well, daughter," rejoined Mrs. Botherim, "that I cannot anſwer you in all them there argumentations; but I can tell you that it will be long enough before we get a better boy than Bill, and that there is not a cow upon the common half ſo well fed as ours."

'It is a ſtrange thing, mother,' rejoined

joined Bridgetina, 'that you never will learn to generalise your ideas. The boy may take very good care of your cow, and by leading her to the beſt paſture, promote both her benefit and yours; *but if he derives this benefit, not from a clear and diſtinct perception of what it is in which it conſiſts, but from the unexamined leſſons of education, from the phyſical effect of ſympathy, or from any ſpecies of zeal unallied to and incommenſurate with knowledge, can this deſire be admitted for virtuous?* If your prejudices were not invulnerable, you would not heſitate to acknowledge that it ought not; and if his actions cannot be admitted for virtuous, how can he be called good?"

To this Mrs. Bothrim was incapable of making any reply. A ſilence of ſome minutes enſued, which the mother at length broke. "I was thinking," ſaid ſhe, "my dear, whether we might not drink

drink tea with Miſs Sydney this evening; now that her brother is come home, the compliment will be expected; and you know next week is the week of our great wath, when I never goes from home; and to-morrow I muſt look over your things to prepare for it; ſo as it will be a long time before I have another day, I think we had as well go this."

The propoſal was too agreeable to Miſs Botherim to be rejected. A meſſenger was diſpatched to notify their intention; and while Mrs. Botherim betook herſelf to the taſk of combing out the unfortunate treſſes, whoſe luckleſs fate has already excited the reader's commiſeration, Bridgetina retired to her library to ſtudy for the diſcourſe of the evening.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

" Theſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom;
" Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room;
" Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
" Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green."

GOLDSMITH.

OUR heroine beſtowed ſo much time on the tedious labours of the toilet, that the little party at Mr. Sydney's had enjoyed nearly an hour of each other's ſociety before ſhe and her mother appeared. They found the houſe deſerted of its inhabitants, but were conducted by a little girl through the garden into a meadow which beautifully ſloped towards the river. On the lower part a groupe of hay-makers were at work; Mr. Sydney and his friend the rector were cheerfully converſing with the ruſtic band, and encouraging the innocent merriment which lightened all their toil. At the upper

part of the field was Mrs. Martha Goodwin and her nieces, together with Julia, Maria Sydney, and her brother, all at work; ſome ſettling the camp ſtools which they had carried in their own hands, ſome depoſiting their ſhare of the tea equipage upon the table which Henry had juſt fixed beneath the ſhade of a ſpreading elm, and in a ſpot from which the moſt delightful proſpect of the country opened to the view. All was hilarity and eaſe, cheerfulneſs and good-humour.

Ceremony, that tireſome and ineffective ſubſtitute for true politeneſs, found no admittance here. Neceſſary as her preſence is deemed, and neceſſary as it in reality may be, to preſerve the decorum of a city rout, it could be diſpenſed with by the preſent party without any apprehenſion of inconvenience. Where confidence of mutual good-will and congenial harmony of ſentiment influence every breaſt, and the poliſh of the manners proceeds from the poliſh of

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the mind, the forms of ceremony are as uſeleſs as impertinent.

If the art of making every one around feel eaſy and comfortable be accounted a mark of true politeneſs, Miſs Sydney muſt be confeſſed to do the honours of her table as an adept. She had ſeen little of what is called the world, but the few acquaintances with whom ſhe was accuſtomed to aſſociate, were all well-bred and ſenſible.

Ever attentive to the wants, and obſervant of the manners of others, ſhe would have conducted herſelf with propriety in any ſcene or upon any occaſion that could poſſibly have occurred. Her good breeding was indeed of that ſterling ſort that might paſs current in any country of the civilized world; and muſt be confeſſed in this reſpect to poſſeſs ſome advantage over that of the frivolous votaries of faſhion, whoſe knowledge of the artificial forms of ceremony, like the paper money of a country

try bank, has only a circumſcribed and local value.

The natural vivacity of Maria's temper had long been ſuppreſſed by an unremitting and painful attendance on the death-bed of her mother. Time had worn off the ſharp edge of ſorrow, but had not quite reſtored her uſual cheerfulneſs, when the return of her darling brother gave new animation to her ſpirits, and once more tuned her heart to joy.

She had the pleaſure of ſeeing her happineſs diffuſive. Every eye ſeemed to ſparkle with a delight reſponſive to that which glowed in her own breaſt. Even Julia, whoſe once gay and lively ſpirits had of late been chilled and frozen in the cold region of metaphyſics, ſeemed reanimated by the participation of pleaſures congenial to youth and nature. She entered into the amuſements of her friends, joined in the light-hearted laugh, retorted the inoffenſive raillery,

and

and was one of the moſt buſy in preparing for the rural feaſt. She and Harriet Orwell had juſt finiſhed decorating a baſket of ſtrawberries with a wreath of flowers which Henry had gathered, and were with light and graceful ſteps bearing it betwixt them to the table, while Henry, keeping his ſeat upon the graſs, was with eyes of rapture following every motion of the lovely pair, when the ſmall ſhrill voice of Miſs Botherim accoſted his ears, and drew his attention from theſe engaging objects.

'So Doctor,' cried ſhe, 'I perceive that you have retired to taſte the pleaſures of abſtract ſpeculation. How I admire a taſte ſo ſimilar to my own! Divine congeniality of ſentiment! it is thou alone canſt give a taſte of true felicity to enlightened minds!'

Henry, whoſe contemplations of whatever nature they were, ſeemed little diſpoſed to reliſh this interruption, made no other reply than the common form

of

of ſalutation; but ſuddenly riſing and placing himſelf by the ſide of Mrs. Botherim, he begged to attend the ladies to his ſiſter.

Bridgetina, who humanely reſolved to treat her choſen lover with all imaginable tenderneſs, immediately went round to his ſide, and inſtantly began her well-conned converſation.

'I have juſt been renovating my energies,' ſaid ſhe, 'by the impreſſive eloquence of Rouſſeau. I need not aſk whether the ſublime virtues of his Eloiſa do not enrapture your ſoul? Was any character ever drawn ſo natural, ſo ſublime, ſo truly virtuous?'

"I am ſorry that I cannot perfectly agree with you," replied Henry; "but here are the ladies, they had almoſt deſpaired of ſeeing you."

Maria then came forward, and politely led her gueſts to the ſeats ſhe had prepared for them; while Henry ſlipt round to the oppoſite ſide of the table, and

and took poſſeſſion of a little turfy knoll, which ſeparated the ſeats of Harriet and Julia.

Though the converſation that commenced between theſe young people was, if we may judge from the ſmile of ſatiſfaction that played upon their countenances, ſufficiently entertaining to themſelves, it might probably be with juſtice conſidered beneath the dignity of hiſtory. Happily for the edification of the learned reader, it received an interruption from Bridgetina, who, as ſhe never truſted to the ſpontaneous effuſion of the moment, might always be ſaid to ſpeak for the preſs.

The buſtle of the tea-table, and the playful contention which attended the diſtribution of fruit, cakes, &c. for ſome time ſtopt the torrent of her eloquence; but it was only ſtopt to pour forth at the firſt opportunity with redoubled force.

'Dr. Henry Sydney,' cried ſhe, in a voice ſufficiently audible, 'I muſt call upon

upon you for an explanation of the words you uttered before tea, which ſeemed to my apprehenſion to caſt a doubt upon the ſublime virtue of Eloiſa. If it be to that part of her conduct which ſeems to have been dictated by her prejudices as a religioniſt that you object, I have nothing to plead in her defence. But as to her affair with St. Preux, it was ſurely the moſt ſublime inſtance of abſtract virtue! A virtue ſuperior to the fantaſtic prejudices of a diſtempered civilization; and which, in the wild career of energetic feeling, nobly purſued the ſentiments of nature. Is it poſſible that you can perceive no charms in ſuch a conduct?'

"Situated as St. Preux," replied Henry, (while an ingenuous modeſty heightened the colour of his expreſſive countenance) "I will not pretend to anſwer for myſelf. No ſuch ſituation, however, can poſſibly occur; for never will there be an Eloiſa ſuch as Rouſſeau's vivid imagination has deſcribed.

The

The different parts of her character are indeed incompatible with each other."

'In what reſpect?' aſked Bridgetina.

"In minds of a certain caſt," returned Henry, "the licentious paſſions may revel in the heart, while the imagination is forming the moſt ſublime conceptions of exalted virtue. But the virtues of Eloiſa are not the tranſient effuſions of this ſpecies of enthuſiaſm, they are repreſented as the ſteady and dignified offspring of reaſon. With ſuch principles a part of her conduct is utterly inconſiſtent, and therefore, in my opinion, unnatural and abſurd."

'Indeed, Doctor,' replied Bridgetina, 'I ſhould not have expected to have found you infected by the prejudices which are engendered by the unneceſſary inſtitutions of a depraved ſociety. But when ſublimer notions of things have been ſufficiently generated by philoſophy, depend upon it the example of Eloiſa will provide a model to her ſex.'

"The example of Eloisa!" repeated old Mr. Sydney; and was she not a wanton baggage, who was got with child by her tutor? I remember reading an extract from the book in an old review; and I must say the world was very little obliged to Mr. Rousseau for publishing such a story. He might intend it, and if he was a good man he doubtless did intend it, as a warning to young women to beware of falling into the snares of men; but, alas! I am afraid it has done little good."

'I never read the book in question,' said Dr. Orwell, 'but of Rousseau's system of female education, I think the circumstance you allude to might very naturally be the result. A creature instructed in no duty but the art of pleasing, and taught that the sole end of her creation was to attract the attention of the men, could not be expected to tread very firmly in the paths of virtue.'

"I wonder,"

"I wonder," ſaid Mrs. Martha Goodwin, "what Rouſſeau would have done with all the ordinary girls, for it is plain his ſyſtem is adapted only for *beauties*; and ſhould any of theſe poor beauties fail in getting huſbands, GOD help them, poor things! they would make very miſerable old maids."

'Beauty, madam,' cried Bridgetina, 'is a conſideration beneath the notice of a philoſopher, as the want of it is no moral obſtacle to love: will not the mind that is ſufficiently enlightened always behold the preferableneſs of certain objects?' continued ſhe, drawing up her long craggy neck ſo as to put the ſhrivelled parchment-like ſkin which covered it upon the full ſtretch. 'In a reaſonable ſtate of ſociety, women will not reſtrain their powers, they will then diſplay their energies; and the vigour of their minds, exerted in the winning eloquence of courtſhip, will not be exerted in vain. There will then

be no old maids, or none but fools will be ſo. As to Rouſſeau, it is plain that he was a ſtranger to the rights of women.'

"The inconſiſtency and folly of his ſyſtem," ſaid Henry, "was, perhaps, never better expoſed than in the very ingenious publication which takes the Rights of Women for its title. Pity that the very ſenſible authoreſs has ſometimes permitted her zeal to hurry her into expreſſions which have raiſed a prejudice againſt the whole. To ſuperficial readers it appears to be her intention to unſex women entirely. But—"

'And why ſhould there be any diſtinction of ſex?' cried Bridgetina, interrupting him; 'are not moral cauſes ſuperior to phyſical? And are not women formed with powers and energies capable of perfectibility? Ah! miſerable and deplorable ſtate of things, in which theſe powers are debaſed by the meanneſs of houſhold cares! Ah, wretched woman, reſtrained

ſtrained by the cruel fetters of decorum! Vile and ignoble bondage! the offspring of an unjuſt and odious tyranny, a tyranny whoſe remorſeleſs cruelty aſſigns to woman the care of her family! But the time ſhall come when the mind of woman will be too enlightened to ſubmit to the ſlaviſh taſk!"

"Indeed, Miſs Botherim," ſaid Harriet, "I do not think that there is any thing either ſlaviſh or diſagreeable in the taſk: nor do I think a woman's energies, as you call them, can poſſibly be better employed. Surely the performance of the duties that are annexed to our ſituation, can never be deemed mean or ignoble! For my ſhare, ſo far from feeling any derogation of dignity in domeſtic employment, I always feel exalted from the conſciouſneſs of being uſeful."

"I hope you will never ceaſe to do ſo, my dear," ſaid her father, "and you will enſure to yourſelf a never-failing ſource

of

of happineſs and contentment. It appears to me that each ſex, in every ſituation in life, has its peculiar duties aſſigned to it by that good Providence which governs all things, and which ſeems to delight in order. For the preſervation of this order, the inferior creation are endowed with an inſtinct which impels them to the peculiar mode of life beſt ſuited to their ſpecies. To Man a higher beheſt is granted; to him reaſon is given as the ſovereign director of his conduct. Alas! that pride and paſſion ſhould ſo often render the precious gift of no avail! It is theſe which, under various diſguiſes, have generally influenced all the ſyſtem-makers, who have taken upon them to preſcribe the duties of the ſex. Theſe have, according to their ſeveral prejudices, laid down the law which was to govern the whole. The beſt of theſe have only given rules of conduct where they ought to have

infuſed

infused principles of action: the few who have not treated women as mere machines, incapable of reason, have made it their business to pervert that reason by turning it into a principle of revolt against the order of Providence, exciting to a spirit of murmuring and discontent, as distant from true wisdom as it is inimical to real happiness. One philosopher, and one only, has appeared, who superior to all prejudices, invariably treated the female sex as beings who were to be taught the performance of duty, not by arbitrary regulations confined to particular parts of conduct, but by the knowledge of principles which enlighten the understanding, and improve the heart.'

"And pray what was the name of this philosopher, sir?" said Bridgetina, "I wonder whether he is an acquaintance of Mr. Myope's, I never heard him speak of him."

'Very probably not,' rejoined Dr. Orwell; 'his name was JESUS CHRIST.

He

He was the firſt philoſopher who placed the female character in a reſpectable point of view. Women, we learn from the goſpels, frequently compoſed a great part of his audience; but to them no particular precepts were addreſſed, no ſexual virtues recommended. He knew that by whomſoever his doctrines were ſincerely received, the duties annexed to their ſituation would be fully and conſcientiouſly fulfilled. His morality was addreſſed to the judgment without diſtinction of ſex. His laws went not to fix the boundaries of prerogative, and to preſcribe the minutiæ of behaviour, but to fix purity and humility in the heart. And believe me, my children, the heart that is thus prepared, will not be apt to murmur at its lot in life. It will be ready to perceive, that true dignity conſiſts not in the nature of the duty that is required of us, but in its juſt performance. The ſingle woman whoſe mind is embued with theſe virtues, while

ſhe

ſhe employs her leiſure in cultivating her own underſtanding, and inſtructing that of others, in ſeeking for objects on which to exert her charity and benevolence, and in offices of kindneſs and good-will to her fellow-creatures, will never conſider her ſituation as abject or forlorn. Nor will ſhe who is the mother of a family, conſider its humbleſt duties as mean, or void of dignity and importance. The light of the mind is neceſſary for the performance of every duty; and great is the miſtake of thoſe who think ignorance the guard of innocence and virtue.'

"What you have ſaid, my good friend," ſaid old Mr. Sydney, "well explains the cauſe, why minds deſtitute of the ſolid principles of religion, no ſooner get a ſmattering of knowledge than they renounce the reſpectable duties of their ſex; flying from the poſt aſſigned them by nature and Providence, they vainly attempt to ſeize the command of that which it is

impoſſible

impoſſible they can ever reach. It is, indeed, as you juſtly obſerve, in the leſſons of our great Maſter alone that a preſervative is to be found againſt this folly. They offer a ſovereign antidote againſt the ſwellings of pride and the effuſions of vanity; they effectually prepare the mind, not merely for moving in one particular ſphere, but for acting with ſenſe and propriety in every ſituation. Whether married or unmarried, the woman who is thus inſtructed, will ſuſtain her part with dignity; and the man who is influenced by the ſame principles, will behave to her with the reſpect that is due to a joint heir of immortality."

'Yes,' rejoined Dr. Orwell, 'if the ſublime truths of the goſpel had their proper influence upon our ſex, women would have little reaſon to complain. It is impoſſible that a real Chriſtian ſhould ever be a tyrant. To gratify the paſſion for dominion, or to exerciſe the pride of

power,

power, can never be an object with him who has imbibed the ſpirit which pervades the philoſophy of Jesus. He can never form the wiſh of degrading the partner of his boſom to the condition of a ſlave.'

"Alas!" ſaid Mrs. Martha, "I am afraid, brother, that ſuch ſort of Chriſtians are very rare. When I have heard you, and our good friend Mr. Sydney here, expatiating upon the exerciſe of Chriſtian virtues, I have often thought it a great pity that the heads of our church had not, inſtead of preſcribing confeſſions of faith with regard to abſtruſe and ſpeculative points of doctrine, confined themſelves to thoſe which are chiefly inſiſted upon in the diſcourſes of our Saviour. The creed univerſally enjoined ſhould then have begun with, "I believe it is my duty to love my neighbour as myſelf, and to do to others as I would have others do to me on the like occaſion;" and ſo

gone on through the virtues of humility, meekneſs, and charity; brotherly love, forgiveneſs of injuries, &c. &c. which articles might have been ſigned by the moſt tender conſcience, and might probably have been repeated with as much advantage to the ſoul as the moſt incomprehenſible myſtery."

'It is a very ingenious thought, Madam,' ſaid Mr. Sydney, 'and would have done more towards coaleſcing the different ſects into which the Chriſtian world is ſo unhappily divided, than any mode that has yet been adopted. I fear, however, that the meaſure would meet with ſome oppoſition from the zealots of every party. The confeſſion of charity and brotherly love would be juſtly deemed an innovation big with alarm, and quite inimical to the ſpirit of party zeal. But come, Maria, here we are talking away about loving our neighbours as ourſelves, and never thinking of our thirſty friends

in

in the hay-field. Go, my dear, and order them ſome refreſhment; let them have the beſt cheeſe of the dairy, and the beſt ale that our cellar affords, and ſee that it be given them by yourſelf. Never depute another to do an office of kindneſs which you may yourſelf perform. Be aſſured that the manner of doing it is more than half its value.'

With cheerful alacrity Maria roſe to obey her father's commands: Harriet inſiſted on accompanying her; Julia would not be left behind; and Henry probably thought his preſence would be neceſſary to aſſiſt his ſiſter, for he too choſe to be of the party. Bridgetina ſeeing the motion of Henry would have likewiſe followed, but before ſhe could contrive to ſidle down from her ſeat, which was rather the higheſt, the active groupe were more than half-way to the houſe. Mr. Sydney, apprehenſive from her moving that ſhe was tired of her ſeat, propoſed their

taking

taking a walk down the field, which was aſſented to the more readily by Bridgetina, as ſhe there hoped for an opportunity of introducing ſome philoſophical obſervations with which ſhe had indeed come ready prepared, but which the untoward turn the diſcourſe had taken, had prevented her from introducing.

The approach of Mr. Sydney and his party was obſerved with pleaſure by the hay-makers, who knew that he was no hard taſk-maſter, that where reproof was neceſſary he reproved with gentleneſs, but that he never withheld from the deſerving the juſt tribute of applauſe. In truth, their labour being divided among many more hands than was neceſſary, was by no means hard; many found employment here who would have been rejected by more ſcientific farmers.

" E'en ſtooping age is here; and infant hands
" Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
" O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll."

The

The glee of the ruſtics was ſoon ſtill further animated, on beholding Maria and her friends advancing in gay proceſſion with a profuſe ſupply of refreſhments. Maria carried the goblet which, like another Hebe, ſhe preſented to all around, and which was plentifully repleniſhed from the pitcher borne by Henry. Harriet and Juliet took upon themſelves the diſtribution of the bread and cheeſe, giving, at the deſire of Mr. Sydney, a double portion to ſuch as had left any part of their family at home. Every face wore the appearance of cheerfulneſs and contentment.

'Miſerable wretches!' exclaimed Bridgetina; how doth the injuſtice under which you groan, generate the ſpirit of virtuous indignation in the breaſts of the enlightened!'

"What d'ye ſay, Miſs?" ſaid an old man who imagined her eyes were directed toward him, though in reality ſhe was

was ſtedfaſtly looking in Henry's face.

"What d'ye ſay, Miſs," repeated he, "about any one's being miſerable?"

'I ſay,' returned Bridgetina, 'that you ought to be truly wretched.'

"And why ſo, Miſs? what has I done to deſerve to be wretched? I works as hardly, and I gets as good wages, as any man in the pariſh; my wife has good health, and we never loſt a child. What ſhould make me wretched?"

'Miſerable depravity!' cried Bridgetina, 'how abject that mind which can boaſt of its degradation! Rejoice in receiving wages! No wonder that gratitude, that baſe and immoral principle, ſhould be harboured in ſuch a breaſt!'

"Why, Miſs," returned the man, conſiderably irritated by her harangue, "I would have you to know as how that I don't underſtand being made game of; and if you mean for to ſay that I have no gratitude, I defy your malice. I am as

grateful

grateful for a good turn as any man living. I would go ten miles at midnight upon my bare feet to ſerve young Mr. Sydney there, who ſaved my poor Tommy's life in the ſmall-pox: poor fellow, he's remembers it ſtill—don't ye, Tommy? Aye that a does; and if thou ever forgets it, thou art no true ſon of thy faither's."

Here Mrs. Martha interpoſed, and by a few kind words allayed the reſentment which the declamation of Bridgetina had enkindled. She then invited our heroine to walk with her, and as ſoon as they were out of the hearing of the labourers, aſked her what was her motive for thinking that poor man was ſo miſerable.

'And are not all miſerable?' ſaid Bridgetina. 'Are not all who live in this deplorable ſtate of diſtempered civilization miſerable, and wretched, and unhappy?'

'Indeed, my dear Miſs Botherim," re-

joined Mrs. Martha, "I have the comfort of aſſuring you that you are very much miſtaken. In the dwellings of the poor I am no ſtranger. As fortune has not put it in my power to do much towards removing their wants, I conſider myſelf doubly bound to do all I can towards relieving their afflictions. For this purpoſe I make it my buſineſs to inquire into them; and in the courſe of theſe inquiries I have found frequent cauſe to admire the order of Providence, in diſtributing the portion of happineſs with a much more equal hand than on a ſlight view we could poſſibly imagine. I queſtion, whether any lord in the land enjoys half the ſhare of content and ſatisfaction that falls to the lot of that induſtrious labourer to whom you ſpoke. You ſhall, if you pleaſe, accompany me ſome evening to his cottage, which is one of the neateſt and pleaſanteſt little habitations you ever viſited in your life. You may there, towards ſunſet,

ſet, ſee the poor man ſitting in his nicely-dreſſed little garden, and perhaps ſinging ſome old ballad for the amuſement of his children, while their mother is preparing their ſupper."

'Preparing their ſupper!' repeated Bridgetina. 'In that one expreſſion you have given an ample deſcription of the miſery of their ſtate. Preparing ſupper! Yes, ye wretched mortals, *the whole of the powers you poſſeſs is engaged in purſuits of miſerable expedients to protract your exiſtence. Ye poor, predeſtined victims of ignorance and prejudice! Ye go forward with your heads bowed down to the earth in a mournful ſtate of inanity and torpor. Yet, like the victims of Circe, you have the underſtanding left to give you ever and anon a glimpſe of what ye might have been.**
Wherever theſe poor wretches caſt their eyes, they behold nought but cruel aggravations of their affliction.

* Godwin's Enquirer.

'Suppoſe them at their homely meal, and that the ſumptuous carriage of the peer, whoſe ſtately manſion riſes on yonder hill, ſhould paſs their cottage. When they behold my lord and lady lolling in the gilded coach which is conveying them home to the luxuriant repaſt prepared by twenty cooks, what effect will the grating ſight produce in their tortured boſoms? Will not a ſenſe of the inequality of their conditions wring their wretched hearts? With what horror and diſguſt will they then view the ſmoking diſh of beans and bacon? Will not their mouths refuſe to ſwallow the loathed food, which the thoughts of the tarts and cheeſe-cakes that cover the great man's table has converted into bitterneſs? Will they not leave the untaſted meal, and retiring to their bed of chaff, or at beſt of hen's feathers, ſpend the gloomy night in drawing melancholy compariſons betwixt the happy ſtate of the peer and their own miſerable condition?'

"And

" And do you really believe all this, my dear?" ſaid Mrs. Martha, laughing. "How in the name of wonder did ſuch ſtrange notions come into your head? Be aſſured," continued ſhe, "that theſe poor people ſee the equipage of my lord and lady with the ſame indifference that they behold the flight of a bird; and would as ſoon think of grieving at the want of wings as at the want of a carriage. Were you to follow that lord and lady to their banquet, you would ſoon be ſenſible that it was at their luxuriant feaſt, and not at the cottager's ſupper, the ſpirit of repining and diſcontent was to be found. At night when toſſing on their ſeparate beds of down, they might very probably be heard to envy the ſound ſleep of the peaſant; while the contented cottager in the arms of his faithful wife, and ſurrounded by his little babes, enjoyed the ſweets of ſound and uninterrupted repoſe."

'And ſo,' ſaid Bridgetina, 'your religion,

ligion, I ſuppoſe, teaches you to be callous to the miſeries of the poor?'

"God forbid!" returned Mrs. Martha, "but my underſtanding teaches me to diſcriminate betwixt the natural evils that are incident to poverty, and the fantaſtic and imaginary ones which have no exiſtence but in the dreams of viſionaries. It is one of the bleſſings belonging to a life of labour to be exempted from the diſquietude of fancied ills. You miſtake me, however, if you think I am inſenſible to the abundance of real ones that fall, alas! too frequently to their lot. But in viſiting their afflictions, in adviſing and conſoling them in their diſtreſſes, I conceive that I conduce more effectually to the alleviation of their misfortunes, than if I were to indulge myſelf in the moſt gloomy reveries, or by exaggerated deſcriptions of their calamities excite in the wretched objects of my compaſſion the ſpirit of diſcontent. Let

us

us not forget, my dear Miſs Botherim, that the eſſence of charity is very apt to evaporate in the bitterneſs of declamation. The reſult of our active benevolence is, on the contrary, attended with the happieſt effects, not only to the objects of our bounty but to ourſelves:—it returns to our own breaſts, extinguiſhes the ſparks of diſcontent, quenches the flame of pride, and keeps alive that ſpirit of kindneſs and good-will, which is the very bond of peace and ſource of ſocial happineſs."

'You are right, my ſiſter,' ſaid Dr. Orwell, who had heard the latter part of the converſation; 'even the benevolence of a Howard might have degenerated into miſanthropy, if it had only been employed in abſtract ſpeculations upon human miſery. Far be it from me, however, to ſpeak of the ſufferings of the poor with levity or indifferenee. I too well know the daily increaſing miſery of their ſituation,

ſituation, and too ſincerely deprecate the cauſes which have produced it. Theſe we may, without difficulty, trace to the accelerated progreſs of luxury and its concomitant vices. But can the feeble voice of declamation ſtem the mighty torrent? As well might it arreſt the career of the winds, or ſtop the fury of the raging elements. He alone who governs the elemental ſtrife, and from "ſeeming evil ſtill educes good," can, by ſome great national calamity, chaſtiſe the haughty pride of luxury, and open the eyes of the ignorant and miſguided crowd, who eſtimate national proſperity by the ſuperfluous riches heaped upon *thouſands*, at the expence of the accumulated wretchedneſs of *millions* of their fellow-creatures. All we have to do as individuals, is to exert our utmoſt efforts to ameliorate the condition of all within our reach.'

"What you obſerved, ſir," ſaid Henry, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Orwell, "concerning

" concerning the exact proportion betwixt the increaſe of luxury and of poverty, I had frequent occaſion of remarking in my late tour through Scotland."

'And may we not be favoured with an account of this tour?' ſaid Harriet. 'Let us ſeat ourſelves down upon this bank, where we ſhall have a charming view of the ſetting ſun, and while we feaſt our eyes upon its beauties, you ſhall entertain us with an account of Scotland.'

The motion was inſtantly agreed to; but Henry, far from availing himſelf of the advantages which the ſpot afforded for beholding the moſt ſplendid ſpectacle with which Nature has vouchſafed to favour the inhabitants of this terreſtrial ſphere, turned his back upon the kindling glories of the ſky, and contented himſelf with a full view of Harriet's lovely face. Having placed himſelf to his liking, he began as may be read in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

" ——————— Nor ye who live
" In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
" Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear;
" Such themes as theſe the *rural* Maro ſung
" To wide imperial Rome, in the full height
" Of elegance and taſte, by *Greece* refin'd."

THOMSON.

" IF you conſider the journal of my tour worthy your peruſal," ſaid Henry, " it is very much at your ſervice; you will there find the deſcription of a variety of objects which have eſcaped the notice of travel-writers, who have ſeldom gone out of the beaten path. I, on the contrary, was ſeldom to be found in one.

" As I traverſed the country on foot, I had a more ample opportunity for obſerving its romantic ſcenery. How many ſublime

ſublime proſpects did I enjoy from hills that had never echoed the rattling of a carriage! How often did I find the moſt extraordinary inſtances of pictureſque beauty in ſteep and woody glens, which would have been equally dangerous to the horſe and his rider! Sometimes I botanized along the margin of a pellucid ſtream; ſometimes I purſued my mineralogical reſearches, and gratified myſelf with ſpecimens from the grand Muſeum of Nature; but it was the manners, the character of the inhabitants, that chiefly attracted my attention.

"I made no uſe of the many introductions I received from my friends in Edinburgh to the country gentlemen near whoſe ſeats I was to paſs, I truſted to the hoſpitality of their tenants, and I was not diſappointed."

'Well,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'I vow I am quite aſtoniſhed how you could think of truſting yourſelf among them there

there Scotch ſavages, I would not have wondered if they had murdered you. Why I heard my late dear Mr. Botherim declare, that them Scotch preſbyterians were the moſt horrideſt, wickedeſt people in the world. And then the wretches are ſo very poor! not one of them with rags to cover their nakedneſs; faugh! I wonder how you could enter into their ſtinking houſes!'

"Believe me, Madam, that in the courſe of one morning, in viſiting the out-patients of the London Diſpenſary, I have met with more numerous and ſtriking inſtances of the extremes of poverty and wretchedneſs, than were to be ſeen from the banks of the Tweed to Johnny Groat's houſe."

'That is juſt what I ſhould have expected,' ſaid Dr. Orwell, 'as every enjoyment of luxury is purchaſed by the extraordinary labour of the poor, the effects muſt be chiefly ſeen in the ſpot where

where ſhe has fixed her empire. There too the poor man comes within the vortex of her vices. He learns to ſcorn frugality, and the hard earnings of his extraordinary labour is diſſipated in intemperance. But I interrupt you, ſir; pray proceed.'

"Every ſtep I travelled, whether in England or in Scotland," reſumed Henry, "tended to elucidate your aſſertion. As I receded from the capital, I found ſimplicity gradually ſupplying the place of low and loathſome vice, till a decent cleanlineſs in poverty took place of ſqualid wretchedneſs. The reverſe of this gave me notice of my approach to ſome great manufacturing town. There the manners again became corrupted, and brutal ignorance and impudent depravity again became the inmates of the poor man's hovel.

"Soon as I was ſurrounded by a ragged and clamourous gang of young beggars, I looked

looked out for the ſtupendous cotton-mill, or other great work, where the parents of the little wretches were earning, it may be, three times the wages of the laborious cottager, whoſe honeſt pride would rather that himſelf ſhould ſuffer ſtarvation, than that his children ſhould ſubmit to the mean trade of beggary. But ſentiment is loſt in the ſociety of the vicious, and of every ſpecies of vice untutored minds quickly catch the contagion.

"Untutored, very untutored, indeed! did I every where find the minds of our Engliſh peaſantry.

"In ſituations remote from the influence of luxury, I found the poor cleanly and induſtrious; but ſtill I found them involved in almoſt brutal ignorance.

"How ſuperior in this reſpect did I find the peaſantry of Scotland! Their reading (for there all can read) was, it is true, often confined to the Bible; but it would ſeem, that the knowledge of the Bible

Bible alone can have a wonderful effect in enlightening the underſtanding and invigorating the intellect. The explanation given them by their teachers of the obſcure and difficult paſſages that occur to them in their peruſal of the ſacred volume, ſets their faculties to work. The inveſtigation rouſes thoſe powers of the mind, which, when ſuffered to lie dormant, degenerate into impenetrable ſtupidity. In this point of view, every dogma they are taught to diſcuſs, whether, when in itſelf abſtractedly conſidered, it be true or falſe, is to them of real and important uſe.

" When on coming out of one of their country churches, I have obſerved a groupe of grey-headed ruſtics in ſuch earneſt converſation as excited my curioſity to know the ſubject of their diſcourſe, I have conſtantly found it to be engaged on ſome of the doctrinal topics that had been diſcuſſed in the preceding

ſermon.

ſermon. But would the intellect thus ſet at work expand itſelf into no other channels? Would the perceptions thus quickened be entirely confined to ſubjects of ſpeculation?

"It is not improbable that zeal for the favourite dogmas they have embraced, may ſometimes lead them too far; and that it would be ſtill better for the people, if, inſtead of being taught a profound veneration for ſpeculative opinions, they were more fully inſtructed in the unchangeable principles of morality; but, alas! where is not the gratification of the teacher's pride more attended to than the real advantage of the pupil?

"Whoſe child are you, my pretty maid?" ſaid I one day to a little girl, who was ſitting on a tomb-ſtone in the church-yard betwixt the hours of divine ſervice.

'I am the child of GOD, ſir,' returned ſhe, with great ſimplicity.

"And

"And how did you become the child of God?" inquired I.

'I became the child of God by adoption and regeneration,' rejoined ſhe with great ſolemnity, croſſing her little hands upon her breaſt, and dropping me one of her beſt curtſeys.

"But have you no other father beſides God?" ſaid I.

'O yes; I am Jamie Thomſon's *bairn*.'

"I now diſcovered my error, and while I ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the child, could not help wondering at the folly of her inſtructors; who, by a vain attempt to inculcate doctrines ſo far beyond her capacity, had taught her to repeat words to which it was impoſſible ſhe could affix a ſingle idea."

'That there is ſome foundation for your remark,' ſaid Mr. Sydney, 'I will readily allow; but that the fear of exceeding the capacity of children in their religious inſtruction has produced con-

ſequences of a ſtill more fatal tendency, I am well convinced. And though I am far from being an advocate for enthuſiaſm, yet I think it muſt be confeſſed, that the general ſobriety of manners and orderly conduct of the lower claſſes in North-Britain is a ſtrong teſtimony in favour of their inſtructors; but, indeed, where have not Chriſtian principles been found efficacious, under whatever form adminiſtered?'

"Did the care of their teachers extend no farther than to their inſtruction in orthodoxy," replied Henry, "I am afraid they would have leſs cauſe to boaſt of its efficacy upon the moral character of their diſciples; but to the honour of theſe good men be it ſpoken, they are, as far as I could judge, no leſs aſſiduous in watching over the morals of their flocks, than inculcating a regard to the peculiar tenets of their faith. Dr. Orwell will, I am ſure, pardon me for obſerving, that in

in this reſpect the lower orders in Scotland enjoy many peculiar advantages.

" There the clergyman reſides in the boſom of his flock. He is intimately acquainted with the ſituation and character of every individual that compoſes it. He viſits, he inſtructs, he adviſes, and comforts them. Every breach of morals comes under his inſpection, and is puniſhed by his cenſure. The individual that has gone aſtray is exhorted, reaſoned with, and more than probably reclaimed. The ſtipend of the clergyman being there fixed and permanent, no ſquabbles concerning tithes ſow the ſeeds of diſcord, or render him odious to his pariſhioners. His ſituation is ſufficiently elevated to command reſpect, without exalting him too much above the level of his congregation. He is not, like too many of our poor curates, ſeen pining in degrading indigence; nor like our proud and full-fed

dignitaries, is he rolling in that affluence which elevates him above the performance of his duty. Perhaps no situation is more favourable to virtue; and perhaps in no situation is more real virtue to be found. In the course of all my tour, and on the most minute and particular inquiry, I did not meet with one clergyman whose character was sullied with the imputation of any vice."

'Unhappy men!' cried Bridgetina, '*obliged by their profession to the constant appearance of sanctity! how miserable must be their course of self-denial! how formal and uncouth their manners! What a constrained and artificial seeming must this attention to a pious exterior necessarily give to their carriage!*'*

"Indeed, Madam," said Henry, "you are very much mistaken. I never saw more unaffected cheerfulness, more natural gaiety and innocent mirth,

* See Enquirer.

than

than at the meeting of the divines of a certain diſtrict called a preſbytery. They favoured me with an invitation to dinner, and I never ſpent a day more pleaſantly."

'Pray, ſir,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'may I aſk what was the bill of fare? It muſt doubtleſs have been very good to give you ſo much ſatisfaction; one would think, to hear you ſpeak, it had been quite a turtle feaſt. Well, I vow and declare, I had never no ideer that them there Scotch people knew ſo well how to live.'

"I am extremely ſorry, Madam, that my memory ſerves me ſo very ill with regard to ſuch matters, that I am quite unable to give you the particulars. All I know is, that the ſalmon of the river, which waſhes the walls of the town in which this preſbytery was held, is excellent; and that the mutton which comes from the neighbouring hills, is the beſt

I ever

I ever ate in my life. But the enjoyment of this feaſt was not confined to the good things ſet upon the table. It was the harmony of ſentiment, the good-humour and intelligence which prevailed throughout the company, that gave the peculiar zeſt to the entertainment."

'I am particularly ſorry to be obliged to contradict you, ſir,' ſaid Bridgetina, with great ſolemnity; 'but truth obliges me to declare, that the thing is utterly impoſſible. How can a prieſt, (I beg pardon of Dr. Orwell and Mr. Sydney, but no reſpect of perſons ought to ſtop the promulgation of truth)—How then, I ſay, can a prieſt in any part of the world, or under any form of what is called religion, be a man of liberal mind or amiable manners? *Do we not know, that all his ſchemes and proſpects depend upon the perennial ſtationarineſs of his underſtanding; and that the circumſtances of every day tend to confirm him in a dogmatical, imperious, illiberal,*

and

*and intolerant character? Is not the moſt reputable clergyman timid in inquiry, prejudiced in opinion, cold, formal, the ſlave of what other men may think of him, rude, dictatorial, impatient of contradiction, harſh in his cenſures, and illiberal in his judgments?"**

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Martha, "was ever judgment ſo illiberal? Was ever cenſure ſo harſh as that you have at this moment pronounced? Is this the boaſted liberality of your philoſophy? Where is the prieſt, however narrow his heart, however ſtrong his prejudices, that could, in ſuch an arrogant and dogmatical manner, paſs ſentence on a whole body of men without exception or reſervation?"

'Wherever he be,' ſaid Dr. Orwell mildly, 'if, indeed, the man who has imbibed ſo little of the ſpirit of his Maſter is to be found within the pale of any church, he is the object of pity and

* See Enquirer, by Godwin.

contempt.

contempt. The language of invective and abuſe is beſt anſwered by ſilence. Let us not, therefore, interrupt Dr. Sydney any further. It grows late, and I wiſhed to be informed concerning the mode of maintaining the poor in a country where there are neither work-houſes nor poor's rates.'

" In the country pariſhes," reſumed Henry, " the few paupers that are to be found, are ſupported from the collections made at the church-door every Sunday, aided, where neceſſary, by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. The ſum, you may imagine, is not very large; but there no part of it is ſwallowed up by pariſh-feaſts, no part embezzled by avaricious and hard-hearted overſeers, but all carefully and conſcientiouſly diſtributed according to the neceſſities of every individual—diſtributed by the hands of thoſe to whom theſe neceſſities are perfectly well known; who do not think, that when they have contributed their quota

quota of the general collection, they have done their duty to their poor brethren, but who very judiciously conſider a portion of their time, as well as of their money, to be the right and property of the indigent.

" In my perambulatory excurſions through the country, I often viſited the labourer's cottage. The furniture was in general much more plentiful, and of a better quality, than is to be found among the ſame claſs of inhabitants in this opulent country; but there, in proportion to the price of proviſions, the labourer is better paid. He is conſidered as a more reſpectable member of the community. His family I commonly found tolerably well provided with, what are there deemed, the neceſſaries of life. The nerves of the women are not there, as with us, unſtrung by the deſtructive and debilitating habit of tea-drinking. A hearty breakfaſt of wholeſome oatmeal pudding and good milk enables the wife

to

to perform her ſhare of the domeſtic duties. To provide the family in food is the excluſive care of the huſband: to furniſh them with clothes is the buſineſs of the wife; and ſo well does ſhe perform her part, that the general decency of their apparel is very ſtriking to a ſtranger. Shoes and ſtockings, indeed, do not come within their liſt of neceſſaries for children; and this circumſtance has generally conveyed to our countrymen the idea of complete wretchedneſs. An ancient Roman, however, would have found nothing ſhocking in the cuſtom.

"It was once my fate to be overtaken in a thunder-ſtorm, when I was happy in finding a timely ſhelter from the tempeſt in ſuch a cottage as I have been deſcribing. I was received very hoſpitably by the good woman of the houſe, and invited to a ſeat in her kitchen, which I found extremely well occupied. In one corner ſat two taylors croſs-legged upon their board, ſtitching away at a great rate, while two fine little boys

ſeemed

ſeemed intent upon watching the progreſs of their work. Two girls, of about twelve and fourteen years of age, were induſtriouſly employed at their ſpinning-wheels, which, as ſoon as they found they had attracted my notice, they turned with redoubled ſpeed.

" A man with an expreſſive and pallid countenance, and whom I obſerved to be ſomewhat lame, ſat at the ſmall and only window with a book in his hand, which at my entrance he was reading aloud. I requeſted him to reſume it, which after ſome entreaty and much formal preparation he proceeded to do, and though it muſt be confeſſed he held forth with rather " more of emphaſis than good diſcretion," gave much pleaſure to his attentive audience, by reading a long chapter of the Pilgrim's Progreſs. While he was thus employed, the good woman of the houſe was buſied in preparing oat cakes, which ſhe baked on an iron plate called a *girdle*; and which,

which, as I found to my coſt, required no ſmall ſhare of dexterity in the management. Aſhamed of being idle where all were employed, I begged permiſſion to aſſiſt her in what I thought a very ſimple operation, and taking up the wooden trowel with which ſhe turned the cakes, I fell to work; but, luckleſs me! at the very firſt attempt I broke the cake, dropt the trowel in the fire, and burned my fingers!"

'How charmed I am,' exclaimed Harriet Orwell, 'to find that the beautiful deſcription given by Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," was not the mere child of fancy, but an original picture taken from truth and nature.'

"It is, indeed," replied Henry, "ſo true a picture, and ſo juſtly drawn, that it has been repeatedly called to my remembrance by ſimilar ſcenes."

'Pray, who was the reader in your cottage?' ſaid Julia. 'From his pallid but expreſſive countenance, I ſhould

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe him to be the lover of one of the peaſant's daughters.'

" I believe the poor man made no ſuch pretenſions," rejoined Henry; " he was the ſchoolmaſter, who according to the ſimple manners of the people, reſides alternately with the peaſants whoſe children he inſtructs. In the time of harveſt, which is the univerſal vacation, he changes his ferule for a ſickle, and reaps more pecuniary advantage from the one employment in the courſe of a few weeks, than he derives from the other during the remainder of the year. It was now his month of reſidence with theſe good people; which, as night advanced without any abatement of the ſtorm, was mentioned by both the huſband and wife with great regret, as it prevented the poſſibility of my accommodation.

" This obſtacle was at length removed by the ſchoolmaſter himſelf, who obſerved ' that peradventure the ſtranger's

journeying in a mirkſome night, where the path was dubious, and moreover encompaſſed with many floods, might be perilous; he therefore begged humbly to propoſe to relinquiſh (that is, give up) his bed to him, while he himſelf ſhould go to ſleep in the barn with the taylors!' The propoſal was agreed to, and at that moment the little boys announced the finiſhing of their new coats, which they inſtantly got on, and ſtrutted about with as much ſelf-importance and complacency, as ever was experienced by a courtly beau when he firſt viewed himſelf in full dreſs for a birth-day drawing-room. Nor did the looks of the mother diſplay a leſs degree of ſatisfaction. She took care to inform me that all the cloth was of her own ſpinning and dyeing; and that ſhe had got it made up in haſte, that the children might make a decent appearance at the *examin*, which was to take place next day at the Elder's houſe. We then

then ſat down to ſupper, which long faſting and exceſſive fatigue made appear to me the moſt luxurious I ever taſted.

" Soon as our repaſt was over, the bibles were handed round. The ſchool-maſter again held forth, and to ſhew his dexterity, choſe to read the account that is given of numbering the tribes of Iſrael by Nehemiah. He ran no riſk of conjuring up the dead by the pronunciation of their names; for I dare ſwear not an Iſraelite among them would have known his own. But he went on, to the great admiration of his audience, without ſtop, pauſe, or ſpelling, to the end of the chapter. Burns has given an exact deſcription of the ceremony that followed:

" Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King
" The ſaint, the father, and the huſband prays:
" Hope ſprings exulting on triumphant wing,
" That thus they all may meet in future days;
" There ever baſk in uncreated rays,
" No more to ſigh, or ſhed the bitter tear;
" Together hymning their Creator's praiſe,

" In

" In ſuch ſociety, yet ſtill more dear;
" While circling time moves round in an eternal
ſphere.
" Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride!
" In all the pomp of method and of art;
" When men diſplay to congregations wide
" Devotion's every grace—except the heart.
" The pow'r incens'd the pageant will deſert,
" The pompous ſtrain, the ſacerdotal ſtole;
" But haply in ſome cottage far apart,
" May hear well-pleas'd the language of the ſoul,
" And in his book of life the inmates poor inroll."

" Curioſity led me next day to the examination. I accompanied my hoſt and his family to the Elder's barn, which was already occupied by a very numerous aſſemblage of country people of each ſex and all ages, decently dreſſed, and devoutly attentive.

" Every one roſe at the entrance of the miniſter, who after going the round, like the king at a levee, and like him finding ſomething kind and agreeable to ſay to every individual, began the buſineſs of the day by a ſhort prayer. All the children were then called up by name,

name, and queſtions put to each, ſuited to their reſpective ages and capacities. Where any inſtance of ignorance or neglect appeared, not only the children, but the parents were rebuked and admoniſhed. The ſeniors next formed a circle round their paſtor, and underwent a very long and ſtrict examination concerning their knowledge in the articles of faith and principles of conduct. Another ſhort but well-adapted prayer concluded the ceremony."

'Well,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'I declare I never heard the like of all this; why it is no better than downright methodiſm! My dear late Mr. Botherim would ha' given no encouragement to ſuch practices, I aſſure ye. He would no more have prayed in the middle of the day in that there manner than he would have ate a pig without pruen ſauce, and every one knows how nice he was in that particular.'

"With what emotions the Rev. Mr.

Botherim might have viewed the ſcene I have been deſcribing," ſaid Henry, "I know not, but I confeſs it afforded me much pleaſure. Happy people! ſaid I, as I purſued my walk, ye are only ignorant of your own happineſs from having never ſeen its contraſt in the miſeries of the vicious. Farewell! ye reſpectable, though lowly, children of virtue! Never may the fiends of avarice and luxury find their way to your humble dwelling! Never may the voice of philoſophy ſhake your confidence in Heaven, or annihilate in your hearts the cheering hope of immortal felicity."

'And are all the people in Scotland ſo good and ſo happy?' cried the younger daughter of Dr. Orwell. 'Oh! how I ſhould like to go there.'

"My dear child," replied her father, "you muſt recollect that a good deſcription is like a fine painting, where whatever would diſguſt the eye is thrown into ſhade. To be able to admire a virtuous

ſimplicity

ſimplicity of manners through all the diſadvantages of a coarſe and homely dreſs, and to diſcriminate betwixt that ſimplicity and vulgar brutal ignorance, requires a judgment ripened by experience, and a mind enlarged by contemplating the effect of circumſtances in the formation of human character. Let us know from Dr. Sydney, whether the virtuous ſimplicity, ſo juſtly the object of your admiration, was univerſal, or confined to rural life."

'Alas!' replied Henry, 'it muſt indeed be confeſſed, that wherever commerce and manufactures have ſpread their golden wings, innocence and ſimplicity of manners have fled before them. In their neighbourhood, according to Miſs Martha's favourite poet,

"The town has ting'd the country, and the ſtain
"Appears a ſpot upon a veſtal's robe."

COWPER.

When, after the contemplation of ſuch ſcenes as I have been deſcribing, I have in the cloſe of evening come to a manu-

facturing town, and obſerved the crowds of pallid wretches who iſſued from the huge piles of buildings that were its pride and boaſt—the men, riotous, profane, and brutal; the women, bold, ſqualid, and ſhameleſs—all flying with eagerneſs to recruit their worn-out ſpirits by draughts of liquid fire; how often have I been tempted to deplore the introduction of theſe boaſted bleſſings, which while they beſtowed wealth on a few fortunate individuals, were to thouſands the deſtruction of health and innocence. How much better, have I ſaid to myſelf, how much more uſefully would theſe poor wretches have been employed, had the men been engaged to cultivate ſome of the many thouſand acres of waſte land, which preſents its deſert hue on every ſide! And the women—how had they been preſerved from vice and miſery in the boſom of domeſtic induſtry!"

'I am afraid,' ſaid Dr. Orwell, 'that few converts will be made to your opinion.

nion. There is ſomething ſo faſcinating in the idea of wealth, that it can never be deemed too dear a purchaſe. The oſtentatious diſplay of the riches acquired in any branch of commerce or manufacture preſſes on the ſenſes, and inflames the imagination, while the miſery it has been the means of introducing into the families of the poor, in the loſs of health, of vigour, and of virtue, is ſcreened from obſervation; or if obſerved, is thought unworthy of being taken into the account.'

"And yet," rejoined Henry, "this ſudden influx of wealth into a poor country, may be aptly compared to the torrent which aſtoniſhes by its magnificence, and gives an appearance of grandeur to the very ſcene it deſolates; while the improvements of agriculture, like the perennial ſtream which holds on its ſilent courſe is the unobſerved diſpenſer of fertility and verdure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

" ——————— Well-dreſs'd, well-bred,
" Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
" To paſs us readily through ev'ry door.
" ——————— She that aſks
" Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
" And hates their coming. They (what can they leſs)
" Make juſt repriſals; and with cringe and ſhrug,
" And bow obſequious, hide their hate of her."

COWPER.

BRIDGETINA was by no means ſatisfied with the ſmall degree of attention that was paid her by Henry. Of Harriet Orwell, however, ſhe was by no means jealous. In ſuch contempt did ſhe hold her prejudices, and ſo meanly did ſhe think of her underſtanding, that to conſider her as a rival ſhe would have deemed injuſtice to her own ſuperior powers. Beſides, on entering the field, did ſhe not find

and Henry retired from the reſt of the company, evidently to indulge his meditations on ſome abſent object? Who ſo likely to be that object as herſelf? 'Does he then love me?' cried ſhe, ſoliloquizing in the manner of all heroines. 'Have my mental attractions power to charm his ſoul? Oh! the ſoft, the tender, the ecſtatic thought! But why did he not ſigh? Why did he not preſs my hand? Perhaps I was too diſtant. Perhaps I awed the youth to ſilence. Perhaps—'

"I wiſh to goodneſs, Biddy," ſaid Mrs. Botherim, "that you would talk in a way that a body could underſtand. When you get into one of them there tanterums, there is no getting any good of you. I had as lieve be in a room all by myſelf. Come now, let us have a bit of ſocial chat: you knows I never bids you do any thing for me the whole day long, nor any thing for yourſelf neither. I loves to ſee you take ſo to your book, as to be ſure it

makes

makes you wiſer than any body; but I do think you might chat a little with your poor mother now and then; yes, that I do think."

'How can you break the chain of my reflections in this manner?' replied Bridgetina. 'Betwixt you and I it is impoſſible there ſhould be any converſation that deſerves the name. No; I pant for the ſociety of the enlightened, and your taſte, you know, is very diſſimilar. So ſince you have thought fit to diſturb the courſe of my mental reverie, I muſt have recourſe to my book till bed-time, and I beg that I may not be again interrupted.'

Leaving Bridgetina to her ſtudies, let us return to her ſiſter pupil in philoſophy —the fair, the lovely Julia—whoſe ſpirits had, during the latter part of the evening, loſt that tranſient glow of ſprightlineſs, which had for a ſhort time ſhed its enlivening influence over her breaſt.

As ſhe drew towards home, the uneaſi-

neſs

neſs and agitation of her mind increaſed. She dreaded leſt Dr. Orwell ſhould propoſe ſtepping in with her to inquire for her father; and anxiouſly obviated the propoſal, by declaring him too much indiſpoſed to receive any viſit.

She did not forget to thank the Doctor for his promiſe of the carriage, in which ſhe ſaid a friend of her father's was to drive her, who would, if the Doctor pleaſed, call for it at one o'clock. Dr. Orwell ſaid it ſhould be ready, and he and his daughter, after having conducted her to her father's door, wiſhed her good-night.

The knock which announced the return of Júlia, was muſic to her father's ears. So much did he doat on his darling daughter, ſo neceſſary was her preſence to his happineſs, that the effort he made in parting with her, if but for a few hours, was extremely painful. His ſpirits, which always ſunk at her departure, ſeemed to receive new animation on her approach.

But

But no longer did ſhe fly to his apartment on the ſwift wings of undivided affection. With painful anxiety he watched her ſlow and languid ſteps. With regret he perceived the diſtraction of her thoughts, the frequent fits of abſence which ſupplied the place of that lively prattle with which ſhe had been wont to amuſe him after every little abſence. Fears for her health took poſſeſſion of his mind: but unwilling that ſhe ſhould perceive his apprehenſions, under pretence of wiſhing to retire to reſt at an early hour, he diſmiſſed her. As he wiſhed her good night, tears of paternal tenderneſs mixed with his parting embrace, and with more than uſual emphaſis he pronounced his heart-wiſhed bleſſing.

Julia went to bed, but the undiſturbed and peaceful ſlumbers that had heretofore been the companions of her pillow, were not to be found. In vain ſhe ſought for the ſoothing balm of ſleep. Sleep, which kindly comes to the relief of ſorrow,

row, ſternly refuſes its wiſhed-for aid to the agitations of anxiety.

Imagination was now at liberty to run its wild career. In vivid colours it painted the ecſtaſy of Vallaton in diſcovering his parents, the raptures of the parents in beholding their accompliſhed ſon. Now ſhe beheld the General preſent him to her father, and ſaw the gleam of joy which beamed in her father's face, while he united her hand with the ſon of his moſt honoured friend. As Fancy painted the happineſs of her lover, the warmth of his gratitude, the exceſs of his tenderneſs, her breath became quick, and burning bluſhes flufhed her modeſt cheek. But if the reverſe of all this ſhould happen, ſaid Judgment; if your father ſhall diſcover that you have been carrying on a clandeſtine correſpondence with a man he conſiders as your inferior? Imagination took the alarm, and inſtantly delineated the conſequences of her father's diſpleaſure in ſuch

ſuch dreadful lines as to make her ſhudder with horror. Her blood then ran cold, and terror and diſmay drew the deep ſigh from her agitated boſom.

In this manner did Julia paſs the night. Her firſt care, when ſhe aroſe, was to ſtep down to Mr. Glib's with the neceſſary inſtructions for Mr. Vallaton. The ſhop was ſtill ſhut, though every other in the town had long been opened. After knocking a conſiderable time, Mr. Glib himſelf came to the door. "Ah! glad to ſee you, Citizen Miſs," cried he; "find me too much of a philoſopher to be tied to hours. Nothing ſo bad for energies as order; eat when I pleaſe, ſleep when I have a mind. That's it, my dear! that's the way to have energies."*

'It's not the way to have cuſtomers, though, let me tell you, maſter,' ſaid a gentleman's ſervant, who juſt then came into the ſhop. 'Here have I been waiting

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. ii.

this

this hour paſt,' continued the man, 'for a parcel of ſtationary for my maſter, and a change of novels for the young ladies. If I were them, I know I ſhould rather ſend to the next town than trouble you again.'

While the man was ſpeaking, Julia ſlipped a note for Vallaton into Mr. Glib's hand, and haſtily returned home, where ſhe arrived before any one had taken notice of her abſence.

Anxiouſly did ſhe wait for the appointed hour. The hour at length arrived; and from the window of her father's apartment ſhe ſaw her Vallaton nimbly driving the parſon's gig up towards the door. She inſtantly announced its arrival; and ſaying ſhe would not let the Doctor wait for her, took a haſty leave of her father, (her mother ſhe then knew to be employed in a room above) and without calling on any ſervant to attend, ſhe herſelf opened the ſtreet-door, lightly ſprang into the carriage, which

which inſtantly drove off, and was out of ſight in a moment.

Fondly did her heart now exult in the auſpicious commencement of her important enterprize; and hardly could ſhe refrain from giving her happy lover a hint of the hopes which fluttered in her boſom; but the idea of making the diſcovery more intereſting, from its being totally unexpected, ſealed her lips, and charmed her into ſilence.

The morning was very fine, and the country through which they paſſed was beautiful; but neither to the fineneſs of the morning, nor to the beauty of the country, was Julia or her lover at all indebted for any part of the pleaſure they experienced in the courſe of their delightful ride.

On arriving at Caſtle-Villers, Julia heard with pleaſure that both the General and his lady were at home, though her pleaſure received ſome abatement on being told that they had company with them.

She

She however ſent up her name, and was inſtantly admitted.

On entering the drawing-room, ſhe found Mrs. Villers ſurrounded by a party of ladies, ſome of whom ſhe recollected to have ſeen on a former viſit to the caſtle, the others were ſtrangers to her. They were all talking at once, and all directing their diſcourſe to one little effeminate-looking gentleman; nor did the entrance of Julia give even a momentary interruption to their converſation.

Mrs. Villers herſelf appeared ſo much engaged, as not to have heard the ſervant who pronounced Miſs Delmond's name, as he threw open the folding-doors of the drawing-room, though he uttered it in a voice ſo loud, as not a little diſcompoſed the bluſhing Julia. She advanced with timid ſteps and ſhrinking diffidence to the upper end of the room, where Mrs. Villers at length noticed her approach, and received her with a very gracious curtſey.

Julia,

Julia, ſomewhat re-aſſured by this reception, with faltering voice begged leave to introduce the gentleman who accompanied her, who was, ſhe ſaid, a particular friend of her father's. Mrs. Villers caſt a look on Vallaton, made him a ſlight curtſey, and then with a ſtately and cold formality, deſired him to be ſeated.

'You have been a great ſtranger, Miſs Delmond,' ſaid ſhe; 'I ſhould indeed have ſent the carriage for you, or taken you up myſelf ſome morning, but that I have been ſo much engaged with company of late, that I have not had one moment to ſpare. I hope Capt. Delmond has got the better of that lameneſs —a broken leg I think it was?'

"It is the gout, Madam, to which my father has been many years a martyr."

'Aye, ſo it is the gout, now I remember; and your mother, I hope ſhe is very well. Does ſhe go to any watering-place this ſummer?' Then, without waiting

waiting for the anſwer which Julia was preparing to give, ſhe turned to the lady who ſat by her on the ſopha, and obſerved, 'that Sir Jeremy and the General had taken a very long ride.'

"And why were you not of the riding party, Colonel?" liſped a young lady, whom Julia recognized as the daughter of a Mr. Muſhroom, an army agent, and ſole heireſs to the immenſe wealth which in the ſeveral occupations of clerk, deputy commiſſary, member of parliament, and contractor, her father had contrived to amaſs. The gentleman to whom Miſs Muſhroom addreſſed herſelf, regarding her with an air of great aſtoniſhment, replied in a tone ſo full of affectation, as to excite an involuntary ſmile in the countenance of Julia. 'Me ride, Ma'am? How could you petrify me by the mention of any thing ſo horrid? Getting on horſeback is the greateſt bore in nature. I wiſh the ſavages who firſt invented it had been all put to the guillotine.'

" I wonder, Colonel," replied Miſs Muſhroom, " as you diſlike riding ſo much, that you do not exchange into a regiment of foot."

Before the Colonel could reply, he was called upon by two voices from the other ſide of the room.

" I know it was a blue domino," ſaid one.

' Colonel Goldfinch will tell you it was a Turkiſh habit,' ſaid the other; ' was it not, Colonel, a Turkiſh habit which Lady Lovelife wore, when ſhe eloped from the maſquerade with Major Swindle?'

" It petrifies me to contradict Miſs Page," ſaid the Colonel with great gravity, " but I am obliged to ſay ſhe is for once miſtaken."

' There now,' cried the other young lady, ' I told you that I had a full account of the whole from the very beſt authority. Lady Lovelife ſlipt on the blue domino, as I was ſaying, over her muſlin pilgrim. And—'

" Pardon

"Pardon me, Madam," ſaid the Colonel, "I ſee you have been egregiouſly miſinformed. I myſelf ſaw Major Swindle conduct her to the carriage in a Spaniſh dreſs."

'You ſaw them!' ſaid both ladies at once. 'Oh, then we ſhall now have the *certain* account of the whole affair!'

"And a very ſhameful affair it was," ſaid Mrs. Villers. "It is aſtoniſhing how a woman of Lady Lovelife's family and connections could demean herſelf by an intrigue with ſo *low* a fellow. He was once a drummer in General Villers's own regiment!'

'A drummer was he?' ſaid Lady Page, who was ſet by Mrs. Villers on the ſopha, 'I always underſtood he had been a *hair-dreſſer!*'

As her ladyſhip concluded this ſentence, ſhe caſt a look (whether by accident or deſign cannot now be aſcertained) full in the face of Mr. Vallaton. Something very like a bluſh diffuſed itſelf over the coun-

tenance of that gentleman, as his eyes met hers; but calling his energies into action, he drew out his pocket-handkerchief, and applying it to his nose, made the room resound with the noise occasioned by the application, which was somewhat longer and louder than perfect politeness could well warrant in such company. Mrs. Villers appeared disconcerted, but turning to Lady Page she hastily renewed the conversation, which the vociferous action of Vallaton had of necessity suspended.

"Did your Ladyship ever see Lady Lovelife?"

'I never did,' returned her ladyship, 'but I am told she is amazingly handsome.'

"She handsome!" said Miss Mushroom; "well, I wonder how any one can think so, she is the very picture of Miss Mordaunt; but she too may be thought handsome by some people, for aught I know."

'The

'The man who thinks her handſome,' ſaid Col. Goldfinch, 'muſt have a ſtrange predilection for thread-papers. She has no more ſhape than a walking-ſtick.'

"And no more eaſe than the poker," ſaid Miſs Page.

'And then that eternal riding-habit,' ſaid the Colonel. 'It quite petrifies me to ſee her in that dreſs. It is as tireſome as Lady Welwyn's yellow turban, which ſickened half the town laſt winter.'

"Or as Miſs Wingrove's ſalmon-coloured ſlippers," ſaid Miſs Page.

'If Miſs Mordaunt's waiſt had what Miſs Wingrove's ankle could ſpare,' ſaid the Colonel, 'what an advantage would it be to both!'

"I hope ſhe at leaſt is ſufficiently *en bon point* to pleaſe you, Colonel," ſaid Miſs Muſhroom.

'Miſs Wingrove!' exclaimed the Colonel. 'It is enough to ſuffocate any Chriſtian to look at her. I don't know any

any thing ſo petrifying as to ſee her go down a country-dance, ſhaking all the way like a bundle of dirty linen!'

"Or like Lady Mary Metcalfe's plume of white feathers," ſaid Miſs Page.

'Her ladyſhip's plumage, I think, has been pretty well plucked by the hand of Pharo laſt winter,' ſaid Lady Page; an obſervation which changed the giggle that had before prevailed into a general laugh, in which all but Julia joined with great appearance of ſatisfaction; her ignorance of high life rendered her ladyſhip's alluſion altogether unintelligible: nor was this the only diſadvantage under which ſhe laboured. Having never been initiated into the amuſements of the *beau monde*, ſhe had no reliſh for that elegant and exalted ſpecies of wit, which conſiſts in throwing into a ridiculous point of view ſome little peculiarity in the dreſs, the perſon, or the manners of abſent friends. In one word, ſhe had no idea of polite converſation.

The

The vivid imagination of Julia painted the figures that had been deſcribed as more diverting caricatures than her confined acquaintance with the world had ever preſented to her obſervation. When, therefore, the footman announced the name of Miſs Mordaunt, ſhe prepared herſelf for beholding an object that would powerfully excite her riſibility.

"A thread-paper in a riding-habit!" ſaid the Colonel, imitating the voice of the ſervant.

'A may-pole, with a long ſtory of its mamma's cough,' ſaid Miſs Page; but I vow I ſhan't ſtay to hear it. I ſhall make my eſcape, that's certain.' Then running up to Miſs Mordaunt, who that moment entered, 'My dear Miſs Mordaunt!' cried ſhe, 'how rejoiced I am to ſee you! What an age it is ſince I had the pleaſure of meeting you! I proteſt I was ſpeaking of you this very moment to Mrs. Villers.'

"So

"So we were, indeed, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Villers; I rejoice in your good fortune in finding me ſurrounded by ſo many of your friends."

'And I have brought two gentlemen to add to the number,' ſaid Miſs Mordaunt, 'Sir Charles Wingrove and Major Minden,' preſenting them to Mrs. Villers.

"Miſs Mordaunt makes her viſit doubly acceptable by coming ſo accompanied," ſaid Mrs. Villers. "We ſhould have been quite a female party, this morning, if Col. Goldfinch had not taken compaſſion on us."

'My very beſt of good ſtars has predominated this morning,' ſaid the Colonel, bowing firſt to Mrs. Villers, and then to Miſs Mordaunt, 'but my dear Miſs Mardaunt, you poſitively muſt have ſome compaſſion upon our ſex, and not go on improving in beauty at this rate. You were killing enough in all conſcience before theſe morning rides had given ſuch an additional luſtre to your complexion.'

Surely,

Surely, thought Julia, this cannot be the Miſs Mordaunt of whom the Colonel ſo lately ſpoke ſo ſlightingly! This is no thread-paper, no poker, no walking-ſtick; but a very pretty ſweet-looking girl, with more gracefulneſs in her manner, and more affability and good-humour in her look, than is viſible in any of the company! The Colonel too ſeems quite of my opinion. No, no, it muſt certainly be ſome other lady of the ſame name of whom they ſpoke.

Alas, poor Julia! how deplorably ignorant was ſhe of the nature of thoſe exaggerated deſcriptions, which conſtitute the Attic wit of modern converſation!

The arrival of Miſs Mordaunt relieved the mind of Julia from ſome uneaſy doubts which ſhe had harboured concerning the propriety of introducing Vallaton. That young lady had brought with her two gentlemen, of whom one at leaſt was evidently a ſtranger to Mrs. Villers, who nevertheleſs ſeemed to receive their

their viſit as a favour. Capt. Delmond had, ſhe believed, a greater claim upon the friendſhip of the General than the father of Miſs Mordaunt; and his friend muſt of courſe be at leaſt equally acceptable. The difference, then, which ſhe remarked in the reception given by Mrs. Villers to the friends of Miſs Mordaunt, could only be the effect of accident. It could be nothing elſe; for ſurely the appearance of Vallaton was infinitely more prepoſſeſſing than that of either of the other gentlemen.

In this manner did Julia make up her mind upon the ſubject; nor did it once occur to her, that the very thing which may be eſteemed a favour from a perſon of a certain rank, is deemed a very unwarrantable and improper liberty from one who has not the happineſs of being numbered in that privileged order.

Miſs Mordaunt, who was niece and grand-child to an earl, and who had always

ways moved in the firſt circles of faſhion, could have no attendants in her train, who were not of that deſcription of the human ſpecies, to which only, in the opinion of Mrs. Villers, the urbanity of people of faſhion ought to extend.

Miſs Delmond, on the contrary, though ſprung from a good family, (a point on which Mrs. Villers was remarkably tenacious) and conſequently one whom it was no diſgrace to be civil to *in the country*, was of an order of beings, who, though they are frequently admitted upon ſufferance to the tables of perſons of rank, are there conſidered rather as appendages to the company than as any part of the company itſelf. To expreſs ourſelves at once to the comprehenſion of our genteel readers, ſhe was *one whom nobody knew*. For Miſs Delmond, therefore, to preſume to bring another perſon of the ſame deſcription to the houſe of the Hon. Mrs. Villers—a perſon perhaps of mean birth and

low

low extraction, of no ſtyle, no faſhion—was a breach of all decorum, and deſerved to be puniſhed accordingly.

With regard to all points of etiquette, Mrs. Villers was indeed a woman of the niceſt ſenſibility. The ſmalleſt breach of the rules by authority of faſhion eſtabliſhed, was in her opinion an offence far more heinous than the breach of every commandment in the Decalogue. Indeed a ſtrict attention to the prohibitions of the latter was by no means a neceſſary recommendation to her eſteem. For inſtance: though Colonel Goldfinch had, juſt before his arrival at the Caſtle, been caſt in damages for *crim. con.* with the wife of his benefactor and friend; though Sir Charles Wingrove had killed a man in a duel; and though Mr. Muſhroom had been threatened with a black charge of peculation, which was well known to have been only averted by a timely application of its fruits; yet theſe were all received

ceived by Mrs. Villers with the moſt diſtinguiſhed complacency. The two firſt had the paſſport of birth as well as fortune to recommend them to her favour; and the latter had, by his long-eſtabliſhed reception into the moſt faſhionable circles, obtained a ſort of preſcriptive right to the ſame diſtinction. His deficiency of birth was moreover on the eve of being expiated by a peerage. The title of Right Honourable being in the eſteem of Mrs. Villers an infallible panacea, which, like the advertiſed drugs of the empirics, clears the blood from all impurities. But though a title could operate thus powerfully, it was quite otherwiſe with the qualities of great virtue, extraordinary talents, or any ſpecies of excellence: for theſe, when of plebeian birth, ſhe felt ſo little reſpect, that it never once entered her imagination to calculate their value.

To account for the uncommon faſti-

diouſneſs of Mrs. Villers with regard to birth and rank, it is perhaps only neceſſary to obſerve, that ſhe was herſelf of very mean extraction; pride, like a good general, never neglecting to put a double guard upon the weakeſt part. The ſame happy inſtinct to which is to be aſcribed the outrageous *virtue* of prudes, the inſulting *courage* of coxcombs, and the tenacious *honour* of certain fine gentlemen, excited in the breaſt of the General's lady an inſuperable averſion to people of ignoble birth.

Mrs. Villers was the illegitimate offſpring of a ſubaltern, by the maid-ſervant of the inn at which he was quartered.

At nine years of age ſhe was apprenticed by the charity-ſchool to a reſpectable milliner, to whoſe inſtructions ſhe was indebted for a better education than would otherwiſe have fallen to her lot.

From this good woman ſhe paſſed to the ſervice of the Counteſs of Villers, in which

which ſituation her beauty attracted the attention of the General, who privately married her, and at the death of his father publicly acknowledged her as his wife.

It was theſe circumſtances, ever preſent to the recollection of Mrs. Villers, which produced that extraordinary degree of pride by which ſhe expected to *command* the world into forgetfulneſs of what ſhe wiſhed to obliterate even from her own remembrance.

To the advantages of illuſtrious birth General Villers was not leſs ſenſible than his lady, though he did not find it neceſſary to aſſert its prerogative with the ſame jealous ardour. Having from infancy been taught to value himſelf on his high deſcent, he conſidered it as a thing of courſe; and as the antiquity of his family which could be traced beyond the Conqueſt was not to be diſputed, he deemed family-pride a part of his inheritance.

It is true, that in the long line of anceſ-

tors

tors boaſted by this noble family, no one perſon eminent for talents or for virtue was to be found. Undiſtinguiſhed by any deed of valour, ungraced by any act of virtue, their names alone remained; but theſe, though conſigned to oblivion by the world, which had never been benefited by their exiſtence, were ſufficiently numerous to juſtify the pride of their deſcendants.

The General partook of the mediocrity which characterized his family. He was an eaſy good-natured man, more diſpoſed to kindneſs than to generoſity, and leſs inclined to inveſtigate prejudices than to entertain a bad opinion of all who oppoſed their authority. To the gallantry of Capt. Delmond he was indebted for his life in his firſt campaign; and as Captain Delmond proved to be a man of family, he did not think it beneath him to acknowledge the obligation. His feelings were, however, too obtuſe to lead

lead him to make any great exertion in favour of his benefactor. A ſmall penſion, indeed, he did procure for him, on his return from the coaſt of Africa; and not long after he had done ſo, actually harboured an idea of conferring on him a ſtill greater benefit, by nominating him to a lucrative ſinecure, which by ſome parliamentary manœuvring had come into the gift of his family. This idea, however, was ſoon relinquiſhed, and the place in queſtion more properly diſpoſed of to a gentleman of ſome celebrity in the faſhionable world, who had loſt a large fortune at the gaming-table; and not being poſſeſſed, after this loſs, of one quality which could give him a claim to the notice of ſociety, muſt have ſunk into inevitable obſcurity, but for this well-timed appointment.

As this gentleman was one whom *every body knew*, the generoſity of Gen. Villers became the ſubject of converſation in all

the parties he frequented; and ſo great were the applauſes he received upon the occaſion, that he could not help congratulating himſelf on the preference he had given to one in whom ſo many people of quality were deeply intereſted. Still, however, he preſerved for Captain Delmond all the appearance of the ſincereſt friendſhip: frequently called at his houſe, and ſince Julia had been put in poſſeſſion of an independent fortune, made a point of honouring her with his particular attention. By no mark of his regard could he ſo warmly have excited the gratitude of Capt. Delmond.

In about half an hour from the arrival of Miſs Mordaunt, General Villers and Sir Jeremy Page returned from their ride, and brought with them the intelligence of an approaching thunder-ſtorm, which ſoon came on with great violence.

The entrance of the General was a great relief to poor Julia, whoſe feelings were too acute to be inſenſible to the mortifying

ing circumſtances of her preſent ſituation.

Mrs. Villers ſpoke but little at any time, and the little ſhe had now to ſay was not directed to Julia. To the reſt of the party ſhe was unknown, and but for a broad ſtare which ſhe now and then received from the gentlemen, and which by no means tended to alleviate her confuſion, ſhe was totally unnoticed.

There are many who would have ſubmitted to all this, and much more than all this, with pleaſure, for the opportunity it would have afforded them of obtaining a paltry gratification to vanity, by the boaſt of having been in ſuch a party. But the mind of Julia had too much real dignity to be ſolicitous for this ſpecies of importance. She had acquired a turn of thinking, which is extremely hoſtile to the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune. In liſtening to a converſation, ſhe never conſidered the dignity of the perſon who ſpoke, but

the truth or falſity, the wiſdom or folly, of the ſentiment that was uttered. By theſe, and theſe alone, ſhe meaſured the quantity of her contempt or admiration.

Now it ſo happened, that ſince her entrance into this brilliant party, not one ſyllable had ſtruck her ears, which, in the utmoſt extent of charity, ſhe could poſſibly attribute either to good-ſenſe or good-nature. So that while Mrs. Villers and her honourable gueſts conſidered the poor unnoticed Julia as filled with ſilent awe, and envious admiration of their wit and gaiety, ſhe was contemplating with pity the emptineſs of their minds and the perverſion of their underſtandings.

From the entrance of the General, Julia no longer experienced the mortification of neglect. He not only made it a point to treat her with particular attention, but extended his politeneſs to the gentleman who accompanied her. Soon as the rain, which came in torrents, began to deſcend, he begged leave

to

to order up their carriage, which he had ſeen at the door as he came in; and politely obſerved, that Mrs. Villers and he were much obliged to the ſtorm, which procured them the honour of ſuch an addition to their dinner-party. Mrs. Villers could not avoid bowing aſſent to the General's propoſal, which Julia returned in the ſame manner, and felt internally ſatisfied at the circumſtance, which might eventually furniſh her with an opportunity of fulfilling the great object of her viſit.

She now began attentively to compare the phyſiognomy of the General with that of his ſuppoſed ſon. Their eyes then were of the ſame colour. Their noſes too both approached the Roman; though the General's was ſomewhat more prominent, the ſimilarity was ſtill ſufficient for a family likeneſs. She had before obſerved a ſimilar degree of reſemblance in the mouth of Mrs. Villers; and that making a proper allowance for the

the alterations produced by time, their foreheads had exactly the ſame characteriſtics. Theſe caſual reſemblances were to her prepoſſeſſed imagination, 'confirmation ſtrong as proofs of holy writ.'

To hit upon a proper method of making the diſcovery, was a point of equal delicacy and importance. After revolving in her mind a variety of plans for this purpoſe, ſhe was at length obliged to truſt to chance for an opportunity of diſcloſing the important ſecret. It was, indeed, no time for indulging in reflection. The moſt abſtracted philoſopher muſt now have been rouſed from his reverie by the pretty ſqualls of Miſs Muſhroom, reiterated every time the low murmurs of the diſtant thunder reached her ears with increaſing vociferation. That young lady, perhaps conſcious of the inherent inſignificance of her character, wiſely took the only practicable method of bringing herſelf into notice, whenever an opportunity preſented itſelf for an oſtentatious

oſtentatious diſplay of her ſilly fears. Her plan was generally ſucceſsful; and ſo conſcious was ſhe of its ſucceſs, that ſhe with triumph watched the ſlow approach of the ſpider or the earwig, which, when it came within ſcreaming diſtance, was to make her the object of ſoothing attention to a whole company. The noiſe of thunder (for of the danger of the lightning ſhe entertained not the ſlighteſt apprehenſion) was a circumſtance productive of ſtill greater effect. By frequent repetition, ſhe at length actually caught the terrors ſhe at firſt affected; and by indulging theſe terrors, brought her mind into a ſtate little ſhort of frantic delirium, uſually relieved by a regular hyſteric fit. Happily the thunder kept at too great a diſtance for producing any thing ſo intereſting in the preſence of Julia, who had not the leaſt idea that any creature, ranking in the liſt of rationals, could form a wiſh of being diſtinguiſhed for pre-eminence in weakneſs.

By

By the time dinner was announced, the ſky retained not the appearance of a ſingle cloud which could preſent an apology for further alarm; ſo that poor Miſs Muſhroom was obliged to make the moſt of what was paſſed, and live it over again in deſcription.

By the help of her papa's arm, for ſhe ſtill trembled too much to ſupport herſelf, ſhe contrived to accompany the party to the dining-room, where, as Julia happened to be placed betwixt the terrified fair one and her father, ſhe had the pleaſure of receiving a minute and accurate account of all the ſilly things which the former had either ſaid or done during every thunder-ſtorm within the period of her remembrance.

Julia had never witneſſed an entertainment ſo ſplendid and profuſe as that which now covered the General's table. It conſiſted of every delicacy of the ſeaſon, made inviting to the appetite by all the ſtudied refinements of Epicurean luxury.

Mrs.

Mrs. Villers desired the servants to hand the *brown barley-bread* along with the white, observing that she always made a point of using a little of it every day at her own table, by way of setting a good example. "And yet, would you believe it," addressing herself to lady Page, "the poor people are so saucy as not to like it?"

'I am sure, then, they deserve to starve,' returned her Ladyship, sending her plate for some more jelly-sauce to the nice slice of venison; 'I never ate any thing better in my life; but the poor are really now become so insolent they are quite insufferable.'

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Villers, while she helped herself to another plate of turtle-soup, "I think those who murmur at such bread as that, do not deserve any compassion."

'I thought so, too,' said Miss Mordaunt, 'till I heard from Dr. Orwell, who dined the other day at our house, that

that the poor wretches had really nothing but bread to eat. Only think how ſhocking, to have nothing but a morſel of dry bread for one's whole dinner! One can ſcarcely wonder that they ſhould wiſh that to be good.'

" I dare ſay that Dr. Orwell is a democrat," ſaid Mrs. Villers. " It is theſe people who encourage the poor in all their inſolence; to hear them ſpeak, one would think there was nothing but miſery in the world."

' For my ſhare,' ſaid Lady Page, ' I believe all the rout that is made about ſcarcity is mere talk. I am ſure I never ſaw leſs appearance of it.'

" I do not remember a better veniſon ſeaſon in all my life," ſaid Mr. Muſhroom. " Nor do I believe a better haunch ever came to any table. I muſt, however, have a cut at the ſtewed carp, which appears delicious," ſending his plate to Mr. Vallaton, who happened to be placed near this favourite diſh; and

who

who fortunately made ſo judicious a choice of the niceſt part, as impreſſed Mr. Muſhroom with a very favourable opinion of his underſtanding.

Soon as he had finiſhed, he aſked the gentleman's name of Miſs Delmond, and when he had obtained it, "Mr. Vallaton," ſaid he in an audible voice, "I muſt beg the honour of drinking a glaſs of wine with you. Vallaton!" repeated he, as the ſervant was filling the wine, "I certainly have had the pleaſure of meeting with ſome of that family abroad: your family is of a French extraction, I preſume, ſir?"

Vallaton bowed aſſent.

"O yes; a great many Vallatons in France formerly—all emigrated now—every thing turned upſide down in that miſerable country."

As Vallaton put down his glaſs, his eyes again encountered thoſe of Lady Page. The remark which, from the encouraging overtures of Mr. Muſh-

room,

room, he was about to make, died upon his lips, and while the ladies remained in the room he continued to obſerve a ſtrict ſilence.

Miſs Muſhroom, who had now completely faſtened upon Julia as a liſtener, continued her perſecution to the drawing-room, and had got about half thro' the tedious hiſtory of the horrors ſhe had once experienced from the direful prodigy of a frog hopping along one of the gravel-walks in the garden, when Mrs. Villers, who had been for ſome time in earneſt converſation with Lady Page at a diſtant bow-window, advanced towards Julia, and in a voice almoſt ſuffocated with agitation, begged to ſpeak with her in the adjoining room.

When Julia beheld the flushed countenance of Mrs. Villers, when ſhe perceived the emotion that quivered on her lip, the idea of her having made ſome diſcovery concerning Vallaton ruſhed upon her mind. Her heart bounded

with expectation, and as ſhe lightly tripped into the withdrawing room, elate with hope and joy, ſhe knew not that ſhe touched the ground.

Mrs. Villers followed, apparently ſtruggling to ſubdue an extreme degree of agitation. Having carefully ſhut the door of the apartment, ſhe turned to Julia: "Miſs Delmond!" ſaid ſhe, in a ſolemn but tremulous voice, "I cannot imagine that your father would permit any perſon to accompany you to Caſtle-Villers, with whoſe previous hiſtory he was not thoroughly acquainted. Tell me, then," continued ſhe, with increaſed agitation, "tell me what you know of the young man who came with you to day?"

'Good Heaven!' exclaimed the delighted Julia, 'and is it indeed poſſible that I ſhould have gueſſed the truth? And have you really diſcovered any thing concerning Mr. Vallaton?'

"Diſcovered! Miſs Delmond! yes, I have

I have made a diſcovery, indeed! I wonder you are not aſhamed of yourſelf, for having concealed a circumſtance ſo—ſo—but I will, if poſſible, command myſelf; do not expect, however, that either the General or myſelf can ever poſſibly forgive you."

'Ah! Madam, can you believe, that if I had really been certain of the circumſtance you have ſo unaccountably diſcovered, that I ſhould for a moment have concealed it? Did you but know the intereſt I take, the joy, the ſatisfaction I at this moment feel, you would not thus accuſe me.'

"What do you mean?" ſaid Mrs. Villers, in an angry tone. "Satisfaction, indeed! Is this your gratitude for the notice I have condeſcended to take of you? Is this your return for the friendſhip General Villers has ſhewn to your father, to tell me to my face, that you have a ſatisfaction in a circumſtance which will be conſidered by all

my

my friends as an irremediable diſgrace? I muſt ſay, Miſs Delmond, your behaviour is intolerable!"

'Dear Madam!' returned Julia, in the mildeſt accent, 'ſurely no one can attach the idea of diſgrace to you on account of this affair. In *his* birth there is nothing diſhonourable, *he* was not the produce of an illicit amour, but the dear pledge of hallowed love. *His* parents need not bluſh to own him to the world for their child!'

The ſcarlet hue which had hitherto overſpread the countenance of Mrs. Villers, now gave place to the livid paleneſs of rage; while all the circumſtances of her own birth, to which ſhe thought Julia alluded, ruſhed upon her recollection.

"Do you dare to inſult me?" cried ſhe, in a voice almoſt choked with paſſion. "And do you imagine you ſhall inſult me with impunity? But I will not bear it; no, Miſs, I will not tamely

tamely ſubmit to be inſulted by your impertinence! I will—I will—but you are beneath my reſentment. If your father has dared to affront General Villers, he ſhall ſuffer for it as he ought!"

Julia, overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment and horror, ſat trembling and motionleſs; totally unable to account for a cataſtrophe ſo unexpected, her faculties were for ſome time entirely ſuſpended. At length ſhe was awakened, as if from a confuſed dream, by Mrs. Villers' violently ringing the bell, and ordering Miſs Delmond's carriage to the door. She then made an effort to ſpeak, but her voice refuſed its aſſiſtance. Seeing Mrs. Villers move towards the door, ſhe caught hold of her gown, and throwing herſelf on her knees, burſt into a violent flood of tears.

The diſtreſs of Julia, the mildneſs of her looks, and the humility of her ſupplicating poſture, ſomewhat aſſuaged the

the wrath of the enraged lady, who nevertheleſs continued to maintain the dignity of ſilence.

'However I have unknowingly incurred your diſpleaſure,' ſaid Julia, as ſoon as tears and ſobs would permit her utterance, 'I, on my knees aſſure you that my offence extends not to my father. He is an utter ſtranger to Mr. Vallaton. He knows nothing of the myſtery of his birth; he never heard of the embroidered covering of the baſket; and if any circumſtances unfortunately exiſt, which would induce you to wiſh that the affair ſhould be ſtill concealed, you may confide in my ſecreſy and diſcretion. Believe me, I would ſooner ſuffer death than betray you!

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Villers, regarding Julia with a mixture of horror and apprehenſion, "the girl has certainly loſt her ſenſes!" Then gently diſengaging her gown from Julia's graſp, "Compoſe yourſelf, Miſs Delmond,"

mond," ſaid ſhe, in a ſoothing tone, "ſit down upon the ſofa, and compoſe yourſelf."

'I cannot be at eaſe,' ſaid Julia, 'till I know how I have been ſo unfortunate as to offend you. Alas! in the diſtant contemplation of this event, I have fondly flattered myſelf, that ſhould my conjectures prove true, ſhould he indeed prove to be what you have now diſcovered him, you would have conſidered the diſcovery as the happieſt moment of your exiſtence. I thought I ſhould have ſeen him claſped to your breaſt in the fond agony of maternal tenderneſs. Oh! did you but know how worthy he is of your affection! were you but acquainted with the greatneſs of his mind, the ſtrength of his powers, the ſublimity of his virtue; you would bleſs the day that gave him to your arms!"

"Huſh! huſh!" ſaid Mrs. Villers, making her a motion to be ſilent, "you had

had better ſit quiet, and recover your-ſelf." Then ſoftly ſlipping towards the door that opened into the drawing-room, ſhe gently puſhed it ſo far open, as ſhould ſecure her a ſpeedy retreat, in caſe Julia, whom ſhe now ſaw to be quite light-headed, ſhould ſuddenly be-come outrageous.

Julia on her part conſidered the be-haviour of Mrs. Villers as no leſs unna-tural and extraordinary. Many and various were the deſcriptions ſhe had read of the behaviour of parents on diſcovering a long-loſt child, but no-thing to equal the conduct of Mrs. Vil-lers occurred to her recollection. She could by no means account for it.

'I hope, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, 'you will not deem my curioſity impertinent, if I confeſs I am anxious to know by what means this intereſting diſcovery has been effected.'

"By means of Lady Page," replied Mrs. Villers, happy to ſee her begin-

ning to talk rationally; "and I hope, Miſs Delmond, it will ſerve as a warning for you in future to be extremely careful of making acquaintance with people while ignorant of their family and connexions; for I am now well convinced that you would not willingly have brought this man to Caſtle-Villers, if you had really known him to have been a hair-dreſſer."

'A hair-dreſſer!' repeated Julia, who in her turn began to ſuſpect the brain of Mrs. Villers to be a little affected, 'I know nothing of any hair-dreſſer, I never was in company with a perſon of that deſcription in my life.'

"Do you not know, then," returned Mrs. Villers, in aſtoniſhment, "that Mr. Vallaton is a London hair-dreſſer, a common friſeur, a fellow who—good heavens! that ſuch a fellow ſhould ever have the impudence to ſit at my table! He richly deſerves that my ſervants ſhould kick him down ſtairs."

'Mr.

'Mr. Vallaton a hair-dreſſer!' exclaimed Julia, 'it is a groſs deception, a moſt egregious miſtake! His whole life has been devoted to the ſublime purſuits of philoſophy. His writings have enlightened the world; and his virtues are the moſt illuſtrious comment on the glorious doctrine of perfectibility. Is this, then, the diſcovery you have made? And are you yet ignorant of the intereſting myſtery of his birth?'

"Indeed, I neither know, nor deſire to know, any thing of the birth of ſuch a perſon," ſaid Mrs. Villers, dryly; "it is enough for me to be convinced that Lady Page cannot poſſibly be miſtaken, as he dreſſed her ladyſhip every day for a whole ſeaſon."

'Her ladyſhip does, however, moſt aſſuredly labour under a very great miſtake!' returned Julia. 'Mr. Vallaton is the adopted ſon of a lady of great rank and fortune, who beſtowed upon him an education ſuited to the ſuppoſed

dignity

dignity of his birth, which, from the circumſtances of his infant dreſs, the caſket of jewels which was depoſited in the ſatin-lined baſket in which he was laid; above all, from the elegant covering of pelong, with the letters A. V. richly embroidered in every corner, which ſerved as a canopy to the whole, was evidently of no vulgar origin. There can be no doubt that he is the offspring of ſome noble but unhappy pair, who may yet live to glory in their accompliſhed ſon!'

Julia, all the time ſhe ſpoke, kept her eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on the countenance of Mrs. Villers, which, to her great ſurpriſe, betrayed not the leaſt emotion at her lively and animated detail; to which ſhe coolly replied, "All this, Miſs Delmond, might make a very pretty ſtory in a romance, but I believe ſuch things very ſeldom happen in real life; but as you aſſure me Mr. What's-his-name has had the education of a gentleman,

man, I muſt ſuppoſe Lady Page has made ſome miſtake, and ſhall be glad to convince her of it. But pray who introduced this gentleman to your father?"

No queſtion could poſſibly have been more *mal-a-propos* to poor Julia. She was totally at a loſs for an anſwer, and looked to the ſervant, who moſt ſeaſonably entered to announce her carriage, as to a deliverer from the worſt of puniſhments. She inſtantly aroſe to take leave, and though Mrs. Villers now condeſcendingly intreated her to ſtay to tea; ſhe reſolutely refuſed the invitation, and with a firm but modeſt dignity perſiſted in her immediate departure.

She found Mr. Vallaton, who had been informed by the ſervant of her intention, at the bottom of the ſtairs. He handed her into the carriage, placed himſelf beſide her, and from the rate at which he drove, ſeemed no leſs eager than herſelf to loſe ſight of Caſtle-Villers.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

" Assert it for a sacred truth—
" That sorrow such pursuits attend,
" Or such pursuits in sorrows end;
" That all the wild advent'rer's gains,
" Are perils, penitence, and pains."

COTTON.

CAPTAIN Delmond had been for some time watching the progress of the declining sun, whose setting ray he expected to light home his darling daughter. When the splendid orb had completely sunk beneath the horizon, and the effulgent glories which its last beam had kindled in the western clouds, began gradually to lose their vivid hues, and at length to exchange the living purple and the burnished gold for the sober livery of night, uneasiness and anxiety crept upon his mind.

" It

" Is it not ſtrange that Julia does not return?" ſaid he to his wife. " I wonder how Dr. Orwell can be ſo imprudent as to ſtay thus late!"

' Yes, it is very late, to be ſure,' returned Mrs. Delmond; ' I cannot even ſee to knit my ſtocking.'

" I hate theſe open carriages," ſaid the Captain, " and wonder how I conſented to Julia's going in one. I proteſt it is quite dark."

' It is, indeed,' replied Mrs. Delmond; ' but here is Nancy with the candles, I ſhall now ſee to take up my ſtitch.'

The apprehenſions of Captain Delmond were ſuddenly ſuſpended by the entrance of Dr. Orwell.

" Dr. Orwell!" ſaid he, " I am truly happy to ſee you. I was beginning to think that you were ſtaying out rather later than was perfectly adviſable in an open carriage. But it is a ſign that your time has paſſed agreeably. How did

you find the General and his Lady? I hope they are both well."

'It is a conſiderable time ſince I have been at Caſtle Villers,' replied Dr. Orwell.

"Oh, I ſuppoſe you drove directly home, then?" ſaid the Captain. "You were quite right; but where is Julia, did ſhe not return with you?"

'I have not yet ſeen Miſs Delmond,' replied the Doctor; 'but I can tell you ſhe is ſafe.'

"Safe!" repeated the Captain, "did ſhe not return with you from Caſtle-Villers?"

'I did not go to Caſtle-Villers,' ſaid Dr. Orwell; 'I never thought of it.'

"Did not go!" repeated Capt. Delmond, in great ſurpriſe. "Who then went with my daughter? Did not you promiſe to eſcort her? Dr. Orwell, this is not what I ſhould have expected from you."

'Indeed, my dear ſir, you very much ſurpriſe me,' returned the Doctor, 'I had

had yeſterday a note from you, requeſting the uſe of my gig, in which, as Miſs Delmond informed me in the evening, a friend of yours was to drive her. The gentleman called, as ſhe ſaid he would, about one o'clock, and had it accordingly.'

"Great God!" exclaimed the Captain, "how you aſtoniſh me! Julia, my Julia, go off with a gentleman of whom I know nothing! Who is he? How came he acquainted with my daughter?"

'I really know nothing further of the gentleman, than that I believe him to be a viſitor of Mr. Glib's,' replied Dr. Orwell, 'and took it for granted that he was your acquaintance. I am ſorry, heartily ſorry, to find it otherwiſe.'

"Where are they now? Where is my daughter? Why is ſhe not returned? Oh! I read it in your face—I have loſt my child, and am for ever miſerable!"

Here the poor father ſunk back in his chair in ſpeechleſs agony.

'Dear

'Dear me!' ſaid Mrs. Delmond, laying down her knitting.

"My dear friend," ſaid Dr. Orwell, taking the father's hand, "things are not ſo bad as you apprehend. Your daughter is within two miles of us, but muſt neceſſarily be detained there for ſome little time by an unlucky accident, from which ſhe has, however, eſcaped better than could be expected."

'What is it?' ſaid the Captain eagerly. 'Tell me all! Let me know the worſt! I will bear it like a man, you ſhall ſee I will.'

"Then you ſhall know the very worſt," ſaid Dr. Orwell. "In coming down the hill juſt above the turnpike, which you know to be very ſteep and ſtony, the gig was unfortunately overturned. Miſs Delmond and the gentleman were both thrown out by the ſhock, and both conſiderably hurt; but neither of them, I hope, dangerouſly. They were carried to the farm-houſe which is juſt

juſt by the turnpike; and there both Dr. Sydney and Mr. Gubbles are now attending them. Finding I could be of no ſervice to them, I haſtened hither, as, however unwilling to be the meſſenger of bad news, I thought it better to obviate the poſſibility of your receiving it thro' the medium of ſudden and exaggerated report. After going home to give ſome neceſſary directions, I ſhall return to the farm, and bring you back a full account how I find matters there."

'God bleſs you!' ſaid Captain Delmond, burſting into tears. 'Forgive this weakneſs; but, alas! I am now every way a child! I never felt the loſs of my limbs till now. My poor Julia! my ſweet, my darling child, I ſhall, perhaps, never ſee thee more!'

At ſight of her huſband's tears, Mrs. Delmond took out her pocket-handkerchief, "If you take on ſo, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "what is to become of me?

Julia may not be ſo bad as you think; but I wonder who ſhe has got with her? I never heard of this man, no, not I; and I wonder how ſhe could have a ſweetheart, and I not know."

The idea was torture to the father's heart. Julia, whom he had ever treated as a friend, a companion; Julia, in whoſe ſoul he had ſo carefully implanted ſentiments of the niceſt honour; on whoſe integrity he had ever relied with the moſt implicit confidence; that ſhe ſhould be capable of a train of falſehood and deceit! It was a death-wound to a father's ſoul; and the ſoul of Captain Delmond fully felt its force.

Dr. Orwell was too much affected by the ſcene, to be able for ſome time to ſpeak; as ſoon as his feelings would permit, he ſaid what he could to ſooth and comfort the unhappy father, and with a promiſe of returning as ſpeedily as poſſible, he took leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

WE cannot but ſuppoſe the lovely Julia to have created ſuch an intereſt in the breaſt of the reader, as muſt excite ſome anxiety for her preſent ſituation, and ſome deſire to be acquainted with the circumſtances that led to it. Out of pure good-nature we ſhall therefore ſatisfy him in theſe particulars, before we return to Bridgetina, the true and proper heroine of this our hiſtory.

As ſhe departed from Caſtle-Villers, the breaſt of Julia ſwelled with the emotions of wounded pride, overwhelming ſhame, and cruel diſappointment. Mortified as ſhe was at the total failure of her well-planned project, ſhe was yet ſufficiently

ciently ſenſible of the ridicule to which an acknowledgement of her romantic views muſt inevitably expoſe her, to dare to confeſs her mortification. Her confuſion did not eſcape the penetrating eyes of Vallaton. He had been too ſenſible of the ſcrutinizing glances of Lady Page, to be at any loſs to gueſs the cauſe; but trembled for the effect of an explanation, which not all his confidence in the philoſophy of his pupil could aſſure him would be favourable to his wiſhes. After proceeding about half a mile in ſilence, "How rejoiced I am," ſaid Vallaton, "that you contrived to make your eſcape ſo ſoon from theſe ſilly people; I was abſolutely tired to death with their impertinence."

"Did you ever ſee any of the party before?" ſaid Julia.

"Why do you aſk?" returned Vallaton, alarmed at the queſtion, "did any of them talk of knowing me?"—"Yes," replied

replied Julia, 'that Lady Page, it ſeems, does you the honour of claiming you for an acquaintance.'

"Does ſhe, indeed? I cannot ſay that I have any recollection of her: but in London one ſees ſo many faces, and meets ſo many people of the ſame general deſcription, that it is impoſſible to remember them all."

'But you do not know half the honour Lady Page did you,' ſaid Julia; ſhe was ſo kind—but I am abſolutely aſhamed to repeat it.'

"Do not be afraid to tell me any thing ſhe could ſay," returned Vallaton, firmly; "I am neither afraid nor aſhamed to hear it."

'Well, then,' replied Julia, (while her countenance fluſhed at the recollection of the indignity) 'ſhe told Mrs. Villers, that you were once a hair-dreſſer.'

"Very likely," returned Vallaton, carelefsly; "I may have amuſed myſelf in that way ſometimes."

"You ſurely cannot be ſerious?" ſaid Julia, in a faltering accent.

"Yes, indeed, but I am," returned Vallaton. "My dear adopted mother happening to read the Emilius of Rouſſeau, while I was in my fourteenth year, became ſo enamoured of his ſyſtem, that ſhe immediately determined to have me initiated into ſome handicraft employment, that in caſe of any revolution in fortune, I might be enabled to earn my bread. I dare ſay you will laugh at my choice, as ſhe did very heartily, though ſhe was at length kind enough to indulge me in the whim. As I grew up, I uſed ſometimes to bribe the perſon who inſtructed me, to permit me to go in his ſtead to ſome ladies of faſhion; and in one of theſe frolics I may have dreſſed the head of this Lady Page, for aught I know, though I have no recollection of her face."

"Well," cried Julia, "I wonder how your dear adopted mother could permit you

you to exerciſe ſo mean an employment.'

"I cannot ſay it was altogether with her inclination," replied Vallaton; "the good lady had not ſtrength of mind to riſe above the filly prejudices of ſociety."

'Indeed,' replied Julia, 'her prejudices in this inſtance were very allowable; and I only wonder how ſhe could ever indulge you in a fancy ſo ſtrange.'

"A mere juvenile extravagance," ſaid Vallaton, careleſsly, "not worth a ſerious thought; though perhaps after all it may be found, that as an occaſional relaxation from ſevere ſtudy, it anſwered the end every bit as well as the work of either a turner or a joiner. As to real dignity all manual labour is upon a par."

'Well, I proteſt I cannot think ſo,' ſaid Julia. 'You may call it prejudice, and perhaps it is ſo, but there are ſome employments one cannot help conſidering as derogatory to the dignity of a gentleman.'

"If you ſaid to the dignity of *man*," returned her companion, "I ſhould willingly agree with you. In a ſociety that has made any advances towards perfectibility, no man will do work for another of any kind, every man will then labour for himſelf: and when things are come to this deſirable ſtate, it will no doubt be diſgraceful to employ the energies of one percipient being in adjuſting the hair of another; but no more diſgraceful than to join together pieces of wood to form his cabinet, or to turn buttons for his coat; all are in the eye of reaſon equally derogatory to the real dignity of *man*. As to the dignity of a *gentleman*, I thought my dear Miſs Delmond had been more of a philoſopher than to hint at ſuch an abſurd and unnatural diſtinction."

"You always get ſo much the better of me in argument," replied Julia, "that I am forced to yield to your ſuperior judgment. But ſtill, in this inſtance—

"Ah!

" Ah! that my lovely, my ſenſible Julia would exert thoſe ſuperior powers of which ſhe is poſſeſſed, to conquer thoſe hateful prejudices, which may be excuſable in a weak and uninformed mind, but which are diſgraceful to a ſoul like hers. Would you but conſider—" At this moment the horſe, which was going full ſpeed down the hill, ſtumbled over a looſe ſtone; he made an effort to recover himſelf, but in vain; he only fell with greater violence, and in his fall overturned the carriage, from which both Julia and Vallaton were thrown out upon the road. The horſe was the firſt to riſe: the ſhafts of the chaiſe having been broken in the fall, he found means, by a few kicks, to extricate himſelf from the harneſs, and galloped off ſo quickly as to elude the vigilance of the keeper of the turnpike, who ſaw him out of reach before he got to the gate.

The frightened animal continued his career,

career, till perceived by Dr. Orwell and Henry Sydney who were returning from a charitable viſit to a poor family in the neighbourhood, where the eldeſt ſon was ill of a fever, for which the good Dr. Orwell had prevailed upon his young friend to preſcribe. Great was the conſternation of the two gentlemen, when they perceived the horſe; whoſe appearance left no room to doubt of the cataſtrophe by which it was occaſioned.

While Dr. Orwell employed himſelf in catching the horſe, leſt his arrival in town ſhould occaſion a premature alarm to the friends of Miſs Delmond, Henry ran ſwiftly forward to give aſſiſtance to the ſufferers; and arrived at the ſcene of their misfortune before Julia could be removed from the ſpot. Vallaton, notwithſtanding his bruiſes, had been raiſed by the aſſiſtance of the people who kept the gate, and was ſtanding lamenting over Julia, whoſe ſituation appeared far

more

more deplorable. From the exceſſive pain of which ſhe complained on every attempt to move, Henry judged the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon muſt be neceſſary, and inſtantly diſpatched a meſſenger for Mr. Gubbles; while he, having with equal preſence of mind and dexterity, formed a litter of an old door which he forced from its hinges, contrived to have her conveyed as eaſily as poſſible to the farm-houſe, where the people, by his directions, prepared a bed for her reception.

On the arrival of Mr. Gubbles, Henry's apprehenſions were found to be but too well verified. The knee-pan was diſcovered to be broken. The pain of ſetting it was exceſſive, but not ſo dreadful to Julia as the idea, conveyed by the hints and ſhrugs of Mr. Gubbles, that ſhe would probably be lame for life. Henry did all in his power to quiet her apprehenſions, and to re-animate her

ſinking

ſinking ſpirits. He ſupported her by the aſſurance, that if ſhe had reſolution patiently to endure the torture of the tight bandage for four-and-twenty hours, ſhe had nothing to fear; and at length, by the confidence he expreſſed, and by the numerous inſtances he adduced of complete recovery from the conſequences of a ſimilar misfortune, he effectually ſucceeded in tranquillizing her dejected mind.

So entirely did the ſituation of Julia engroſs the attention of the ſpectators, that till ſhe was compoſed to reſt, no one ſo much as thought of Vallaton. He was at length obſerved by the farmer's wife, where he had ſunk down upon a low chair in the kitchen, and was apparently very near fainting. The good-natured woman inſtantly ran into the room where Doctor Sydney and Mr. Gubbles were ſtill with Julia.

"La me!" cried ſhe as ſhe entered, "if

"if here ben't more broken bones yet! I lay my life the gentleman be worſer than Miſs, thof we none of us never thought o'n."

'Good God!' exclaimed Julia, 'Mr. Vallaton is then hurt, though he denied to me that he was. What miſery has my folly occaſioned!' She now burſt into a flood of tears, which in all the pain ſhe had ſuffered, her reſolution had hitherto reſtrained.

While Henry uſed his endeavours to compoſe her, Mr. Gubbles proceeded to examine into the condition of Vallaton. In anſwer to his interrogatories, Vallaton replied "that he was indeed very much hurt, that the pain of his arm and ſhoulder was intolerable."

'From the manner in which the arm hangs,' replied Mr. Gubbles, 'I ſhould indeed apprehend a complicated fracture; but perhaps it may not be quite ſo bad.'

The ſleeve of the coat being ripped off, the

the man of ſcience congratulated his patient on his very extraordinary good fortune. 'It is a mere trifle, my dear ſir, nothing but a diſlocation of the humero, and a ſimple fracture of the lower extremity of the ulna.'

While he dexterouſly replaced the arm in its ſocket, poor Vallaton could not ſuppreſs a groan. 'It is impoſſible I can hurt you,' ſaid the learned operator; 'nothing was ever done with greater eaſe; and as for this other little buſineſs, it is a mere nothing. I never met with a more elegant fracture in my life—ſure I don't hurt you?'

"Indeed but you do," cried Vallaton, "you put me to very exquiſite pain."

'It is impoſſible, my dear ſir, quite impoſſible; the ſwelling of the adjacent muſcles may indeed create ſome trifling uneaſineſs; but it is nothing to what I have met with in the courſe of practice.'

"La me!" exclaimed the landlady, who

who attended to ſupply the neceſſary bandages, "if you doctors have more heart than a ſtone! I am ſure the poor gentleman had need o' patience to hear you."

The good woman having offered her ſon's bed for the accommodation of Vallaton, he was immediately conveyed to it, and there we ſhall leave him to his meditations, while we return to the afflicted Julia.

Henry Sydney beheld with anxiety the agitated ſtate of his fair patient's mind, and ſenſible how neceſſary repoſe was to her recovery, he prevailed upon her to ſwallow ſome quantity of an opiate which Mr. Gubbles had the precaution to bring.

Julia felt with gratitude the humane attention of her young phyſician, but was ſtill deploring the want of a friend of her own ſex, whoſe preſence would, ſhe thought, afford a ſupport ſtill more grateful,

grateful, when a ſoft ſtep approached her bed, and the figure of Harriet Orwell glided before her eyes.

"Is it poſſible!" ſaid Julia, in a faint voice. "Is Miſs Orwell indeed ſo good as to come to ſee me here at this time of night?"

'Huſh! huſh!' ſaid Harriet, putting her finger to her lips, 'we ſhall talk of every thing to-morrow; I only beg you would give me leave to do things in my own way to-night, without taking any notice of me, except merely to aſk for what you want.'

"But you do not intend to ſtay with me all night?" ſaid Julia; "that would be too much."

'Indeed I ſhall not leave you while you remain in this houſe,' replied Harriet; 'and as to ſitting up all night, it is what I like of all things: but no more ſpeaking; and I ſuppoſe we may now diſmiſs this gentleman here, who will attend my father home.'

Julia

Julia could only expreſs her thanks by tears. Nor did Henry behold unmoved this freſh proof of Harriet's goodneſs. While ſhe lightly glided round the bed of her friend, procuring for her a thouſand little comforts which her active mind ſuggeſted, and her gentle hand ſupplied, he thought he beheld a guardian angel on its work of mercy. When he was about to leave the room, ſhe ſoftly opened the door for his departure: he did not ſpeak, but ſeizing the hand which hung down, he preſſed it to his lips with an emphatic expreſſion of admiration and reſpect.

On walking into the farmer's apartment, Henry there found Dr. Orwell, who was receiving from Mr. Gubbles a ſcientific deſcription of the fractures, of which, indeed, the good Doctor did not comprehend one ſyllable. The explanation of Henry, however, ſoon made the matter perfectly intelligible, to the no ſmall indignation of Mr. Gubbles; who

from

from the plain and ſimple language made uſe of by the young phyſician, conceived a ſovereign contempt for his knowledge and capacity.

Henry perſiſted in his reſolution of taking up his abode by the farmer's fire-ſide all night, which after a little oppoſition was agreed to by Dr. Orwell, who proceeded to acquaint the parents of Julia with the particulars of her misfortune.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

"No argument like matter of fact is.
"And we are best of all led to
"Men's principles, by what they do."

BUTLER.

THE day which proved ſo unfortunate to poor Julia, was by Bridgetina conſidered as one of the moſt auſpicious æras that marked the period of her exiſtence. It was, indeed, a day of much importance; a day which opened upon her mind the grandeſt view, the moſt ecſtatic proſpect, that was ever preſented to an enlightened imagination.

It happened, that among ſeveral ſets of new books which Mr. Glib about this time received from his correſpondent in London,

London, was a copy of the tranſlation of Monſ. Vaillant's Travels into the interior parts of Africa. The firſt volume of this book Mr. Glib ran haſtily over, without experiencing any degree of pleaſure from the peruſal. Neither the ſprightlineſs of the author's manner, his zeal in the purſuit of natural hiſtory, his unbounded philanthropy, nor the novelty of his animated deſcriptions, had the power of captivating the fancy of Mr. Glib; but the ſecond volume made very ample amends for the time thrown away upon the firſt. When he came to the account of the Gonoquais Hottentots, his delight and admiration increaſed at every line, till at length, no longer able to contain his rapture, he ran haſtily with the book in his hand to the back-parlour, where Bridgetina, who had juſt then happened to call, was ſitting with Mr. Myope and the Goddeſs of Reaſon. "See here!" ſaid he, "See here, Citizen Myope, all our wiſhes fulfilled!

fulfilled! All our theory realized! Here is a whole nation of philoſophers, all as wiſe as ourſelves! All on the high road to perfectibility! All enjoying the proper dignity of man! Things juſt as they ought! No man working for another! All alike! All equal! No laws! No government! No coercion! Every one exerting his energies as he pleaſes! Take a wife to-day: leave her again to-morrow! It is the very eſſence of virtue, and the quinteſſence of enjoyment!"

'Alas!' replied Mr. Myope, 'I fear this deſirable ſtate of things is reſerved for futurity. Ages muſt elapſe before mankind will be ſufficiently enlightened to be ſenſible of the great advantage of living as you deſcribe.'

"No, no," cried Glib, "ages need not elapſe. It is all known to the Hottentots. All practiſed by the Gonoquais horde. Only juſt liſten.

"*In a country where there is no difference in birth or rank, (as is the caſe in*

Gonoquais) every inhabitant is neceſſarily on an equality."

'The very ground-work of perfectibility!' cried Bridgetina, 'that is certain; but go on.'

"*Luxury* and vanity, which in more poliſhed countries conſume the largeſt fortunes, create a thouſand unhappy diſtinctions entirely unknown to theſe ſavages; their deſires are bounded by real wants, nor are they excluded from the means of gratifying them; and theſe means may be, and are effectually purſued by all: thus the various combinations of pride for the aggrandizement of families, all the ſchemes of heaping fortune on fortune in the ſame coffer, being utterly unknown; no intrigues are created, no oppreſſions practiſed, in fine no crimes inſtigated.*"

'O learned and amiable Hottentots!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'by what means—'

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* See Vaillant's Travels, vol. ii.

"Stay

"Stay a little, Miſs, and only liſten to this paſſage about their marriages," ſaid Glib, reſuming his book.

"*The formalities of theſe marriages conſiſt in the promiſes made by each party to live together as long as they find it convenient; the engagement made, the young couple from that moment become man and wife.*—"

'O enviable ſtate of ſociety!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'Oh—'

"Do not interrupt me, Miſs, till I have finiſhed the paſſage.——*As I have hinted before, they live together as long as harmony ſubſiſts between them; for ſhould any difference ariſe, they make no ſcruple of ſeparation, but part with as little ceremony as they meet; and each one, free to form other connections, ſeeks elſewhere a more agreeable partner. Theſe marriages, founded on reciprocal inclinations, have ever a happy iſſue; and as love is their only cement, they require no other motive for parting than indifference.*"

"Mark that, citizens! *No other motive for parting than indifference.* Who would not wiſh to live in that bleſſed country? But here is a ſtill further proof of their progreſs in philoſophy. *You never meet among the Gonoquais with men who apply themſelves to any particular kind of work, in order to ſatisfy the caprice of others. The woman who deſires to lie ſoft, will fabricate her own mat. She who has a wiſh to be clothed, will inſtruct a man to make a habit. The huntſman who would have good weapons, can depend on thoſe of his own making; and the lover is the only architect of the cabin that is to contain his future miſtreſs.*"*

'Why this is the very ſtate of perfection to which we all aſpire!' cried Mr.

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* The curious reader may, if he pleaſe, compare the paſſage quoted from Vaillant with the eighth chapter of the eighth book of Political Juſtice, vol. ii. octavo edition; and he will not be ſurpriſed that Citizen Glib ſhould be ſtruck with the coincidence.

Myope, in ecſtacy. 'It is the ſum and ſubſtance of our philoſophy. What illuſtrious proofs of human genius may we expect to find in a ſociety thus wiſely conſtituted, a ſociety in which leiſure is the inheritance of every one of its members?"

"It is evident," cried Bridgetina, "that the author of our illuſtrious ſyſtem is entirely indebted to the Hottentots for his ſublime idea of the Age of Reaſon. Here is the Age of Reaſon exemplified; here is proof ſufficient of the perfectibility of man!"

'Yes,' ſaid Mr. Myope, 'and as we well know mechanical and daily labour to be the deadlieſt foe to all that is great and admirable in the human mind, to what a glorious height of metaphyſical knowledge may we expect a people to ſoar, where all are equally poor and equally idle! What attainments muſt they have doubtleſs made in ſcience? What diſcoveries in philoſophy?'

"As

"As to ſcience," ſaid Glib, "it does not at leaſt appear that they know much of arithmetic, for Mr. Vaillant here tells us, *that they cannot reckon above the number of their fingers. They count the time of the day by the courſe of the ſun, ſaying, it was there when I departed, yonder when I returned.*"

'Aſtoniſhing proof of the progreſs of mind!' cried Bridgetina.

"Yes," ſaid Glib, "and ſee further: *With calm tranquillity they behold the riſing and the ſetting ſun, unknowing and regardleſs of the pointed hour upon the time-piece.* Do you mark that, citizens? No getting up at ſeven in the morning to open ſhop; no making up accounts; no care about buſineſs. Well, if before another year goes round I do not become a Hottentot, may I never more behold the face of a philoſopher!"

'And if,' ſaid Myope, 'every other particular in the character of this illuſtri-

ous people be found to correſpond with what we have already learned, every philoſopher muſt, like you, long to be received into the boſom of a ſociety arrived at a ſtate of civilization, which but to imagine has been juſtly conſidered as the moſt glorious effort of the ſublimeſt genius!'

"You do not yet know the half of their perfections," returned Glib; "but here is the key-ſtone of the grand arch of perfectibility: only liſten to this, and confeſs whether you ever heard of ſo wiſe a people. *Modes of divination are the uſual appendages of ſuperſtitious worſhip, but how can this exiſt where they have no religion, no idea of a ſuperior Being? In theſe hordes,* (do you take notice) *in theſe hordes they have neither phyſician, nor prieſt, nor ſuperiority of degree, nor any word in the Hottentot language that ſignifies in any manner theſe diſtinctions.*"

'Admirable!' exclaimed Myope.

"The very perfection of modern philoſophy!" cried Bridgetina.

Vere

'Vere do dese wise people live?' enquired the Goddess of Reason. "Have dey no fete, no grand spectacle, no ball, no concerta?'

"Yes, yes, they have balls, Madam," returned Glib, "and concerts too. But you are not to imagine, that in the reasonable state of society to which they are advanced, any man will condescend to perform the compositions of another. All compose for themselves; all play their own tune; no two in the same key!"

'Vat be dere ball dress?' said the Goddess. 'De fashions of so enlightened a people be ver elegant, to be sure. Do dey rouge, like de French lady; or be dey pale-faced, like de lady of England?'

"Their taste in dress is equal to their other refinements," replied Glib. "Every one painted; not a pale face to be seen. All covered with grease, and soot, and ochre, from head to heel; bears' guts for bracelets, and cloaks of asses skins. Their heads

heads are ornamented with blown bladders, and a ſheep's bone hangs about their necks inſtead of a locket."

'What ſtrange faſhions dis foreign nation of philoſophers do follow!' ſaid the Goddeſs.

"What elegant ſimplicity of taſte!" cried Myope. "But I muſt beg leave to peruſe the whole of this extraordinary account. It has already generated an idea in my mind, which may be productive of the moſt extraordinary conſequences to the intereſts of ſociety."

Mr. Myope then took the book, and proceeded to read the whole account of the Gonoquais in an audible voice, though not without receiving many interruptions from the exclamations of delight that frequently burſt from his admiring audience. When he had finiſhed, "Here," ſaid he, "my friends, is the place—the only place, to which, in this diſtempered ſtate of civilization, a philoſopher

a philoſopher can reſort with any hopes of comfort. Let us ſeek an aſylum among theſe kindred ſouls. Let us form a horde in the neighbourhood of Haabas, and from the deſerts of Africa ſend forth thoſe rays of philoſophy which ſhall enlighten all the habitable globe."

'Go with all my heart,' cried Glib, 'leave ſhop, and wife, and children, and all. Get a wife among the Gonoquais; meet when we pleaſe, ſeparate when we have a mind! That's it! that's the way to have energies!'

The propoſal of Mr. Myope appeared equally charming to Bridgetina, who had no doubt, that among the numerous philoſophers of England a party would be formed every way agreeable to her wiſhes. Mr. Myope aſſured her, that the idea of emigration had for a conſiderable time prevailed; and that the difficulty of finding a place agreeable to their views preſented the only obſtacle

to

to its execution. That obſtacle was now happily removed; as no one could read the account of the Gonoquais Hottentots, and not be ſenſible that in the boſom of a people who had ſo fully adopted all their plans for the improvement of ſociety; who had no trade, no commerce, no diſtinctions of rank, no laws, no coercion, no government; who had among them no phyſicians, no lawyers, no prieſts, and who, to crown all, *believed in* NO GOD! they muſt find that congeniality of ſentiments and diſpoſitions which they would in vain expect among the corrupt ſocieties of Europe.

The more Mr. Myope conſidered the ſubject, the more was he impreſſed with an idea of its importance. His mind, ever under the influence of ſome one darling idea, which, during the period of its reign, excluded every other thought, was ſoon kindled into enthuſiaſm. It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the enthuſiaſm

thuſiaſm of Mr. Myope differed very materially from that which diſtinguiſhes certain great minds in the purſuit of ſome favourite object; it was of a nature very diſtinct from that ſublime energy of the ſoul which, on the moſt extenſive and comprehenſive views, concentrates all its powers towards the accompliſhment of ſome grand deſign. Indeed, no two principles of action are more oppoſite to each other in their nature, origin, progreſs, and conſequences, than the two different ſpecies of enthuſiaſm here deſcribed. The firſt, born of reaſon and directed by judgment, is noble, diſcriminating, and effective. The other, the produce of an inflammable imagination, is blinded by the glare of its own bewildering light, expends itſelf upon any object that chance puts in its reach, and is uſually unſteady as it is abortive.

Such was the enthuſiaſm of Mr. Myope.

While he was a religioniſt, it inflamed his zeal for the minutiæ of every dogma

of

of the ſect to which he then happened to belong. As a Quaker, it made him tenacious of the broad-brimmed hat, and all the pecularities of dreſs and manner which diſtinguiſh that *apparently* plain and ſimple people. He then groaned at the ſight of a coloured ribbon, and was moved by the ſpirit to denounce the moſt dreadful judgments againſt the crying ſin of long trains and hair-powder.

As an Anabaptiſt, in his eagerneſs for dipping all that came in his way, he very narrowly eſcaped being drowned along with a poor woman, of whom he had unfortunately made a convert in the time of a great flood. And when his energies were directed to Calviniſm, the ſtate of the reprobate engroſſed every faculty of his mind, and his whole ſoul was poured out in deſcribing the nature of the dreadful tortures which aſſuredly awaited all who did not embrace every article of his then faith, all whoſe intellectual optics happened to view things in a different light.

Nor

Nor when Mr. Myope changed his opinions, did his mind become more enlarged by the change. He wandered from maze to maze in the intricate labyrinth of polemical divinity, without having once caught a glance of the ſublime views, the ſimple but elevating principles of that religion, from which each of the different ſectaries he embraced profeſſed to be derived.

As a convert to the new philoſophy, his zeal was no leſs conſpicuous. We have already given ſome ſtriking proofs of its effects; and perhaps may yet have occaſion to relate ſome farther inſtances of it, no leſs memorable and extraordinary.

The account of the Gonoquais Hottentots had now inſpired this philoſopher with a flow of eloquence which produced the greateſt effects upon his audience. Both Bridgetina and Mr. Glib, ſtruck with the force of his irreſiſtible

fiſtible arguments, promiſed to turn their ſerious thoughts to his propoſal. They agreed to renew their conſultations upon the ſubject as frequently as poſſible; but till their plan was more fully digeſted, thought it beſt not to drop a hint of it to the unenlightened; as ſuch perſons being totally incapable of eſtimating its advantages, might maliciouſly endeavour to obſtruct its ſucceſs.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

R. Noble,
in the Old Bailey.